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No. 1.

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BRENT

CHAPTER FIRST.

OVER the wilderness, the far-off and dreary wilderness, over the garden-walks and beds, lieth the snow, and with the snow there lives the cold air perpetually. At times the pine trees in the dim forest shake their mantled branches, and then the wintry sun sends in among the dark green boughs his gleam of transient light, and the spotted deer that had stood shivering in the shadows, steal out into the pale sunshine, and paw the snow with their sharp hoofs, hoping for herbage.

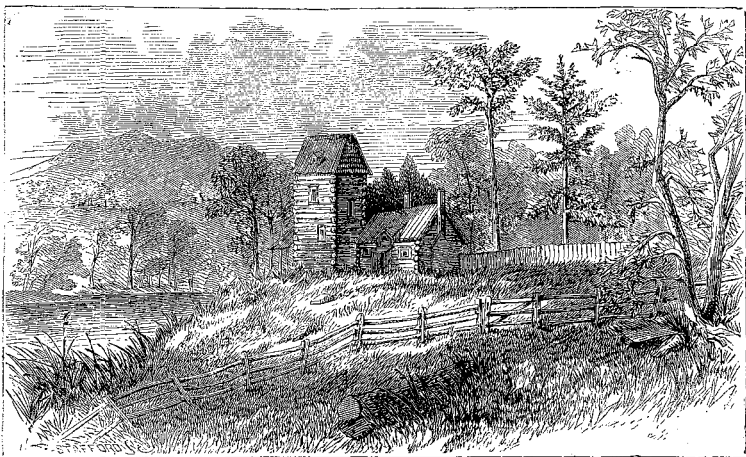
The tracks of bears are all about upon the snow in the tangled ravines, and doubtless beneath the gloomy curtain of the dense wood many of these divorced Africans of the wilds are fast asleep with their well-gloved paws in their mouths. The garden-walks are filled with snow, and the garden-beds look as if the spade and its use was among the lost arts and the lost practices of mankind. Looking last spring and summer from my window over the sweet river that flows before my Hut, with my eye running over the screen of woods that grows upon the opposite shore, with the deep-toned grasses that seemed to float out from the banks, as if anxious to have a social chat with the old whale-looking rocks out in the deeper currents, I thought that it would almost be a sacrilege to have all these trees, and slopes, and twining grasses, and brown old rocks, and sparkling currents, bright here with flashes in the sun-light, and dark in the shadows of the purple clouds, covered, and buried, and lost in the deep mantle of the frozen snows : but now when I look out upon the same scene, I feel the influence of the dispensation, and would deem it quite a fiendish act in the warm sun, to take away the shroud, the holy shroud, in which God has wrapped the dead glories of the summer-time. But soon all this vast whiteness will be carried up into the spring air, and the wilderness will grow fresh again with its millioned leaves, and the deer will browse on the herbs it looked for through the deep snow, and the bear will cease

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sucking his fingers, and the rose-buds will burst into beauty along the garden-walks, and the gardener in his shirt-sleeves, with beads of perspiration on his brow, will be at work among his cabbage-plants, and the good-natured cook (if such things exist in animal botany) will look out upon the growing herbs from her kitchen-door and groan in spirit at the prospect of approaching bundles of asparagus and loads of cabbages, which she must cook in time for the master's dinner, or fatally lose her place.

This place is not over-lonely in which I live, though I am all alone. The house is all alone, but yet it is not lonely, for it is the old belle of a miniature forest. Pines and red-blushing cherry-trees, dark furniture-furnishing walnuts and female-looking willows, with branches like Titanic mermaids' hair, all cluster close to the tender-hearted old dwelling; and in summer-time, when the porch-door is opened, they eagerly, and I am tempted to think, amorously, rush in with their cool shades and zephyrs, and penetrate into the very heart of the Hut. She receives their adulations with an air of quiet dignity, repelling none; but I think she shows a preference to a stately pine that has stood for half a century by her side, gloomily in love and grandly beautiful.



THE HUT.

It is necessary that I should carefully sketch the general and particular outlines of the scene and the scenery in which my life is passing away. Thus I shall be enabled to convey to others the actuality of those simple recitations and narratives that will eventually follow in these pages. The region in which my home is made is in one of the middle States of the Union; and in advance, I will at once say that I shall with my own rude pencil sketch the physical features of and about my abode and all things appertaining to these writings. The reader will find my rambling writing well besprinkled with drawings illustrating the scenery of my living, and the incidents of my narrative.

I said that a river ran before my door. It is true: and it is true that

it is a forever sweet and glorious river. Its banks are densely populated by clumps of trees, whose branches spread their countless stems over the rippling stream, and interlace the sun-light like threads of gold with skeins of green. In some places the channel is not too broad but that I can throw a two-ounced stone across when I see a crow blackening a bright spot of sun-shine on a silver bough. Then again it widens out and tranquilly flows onward, as if it would bid me have my grounds surveyed for a city. Here a wharf where the deep water swells in idle majesty, deep enough for an Indianman; there where a steam-boat of three thousand or twenty thousand tons could heave up to the pier-head, and where the depth of water would defy the boat's barber to touch bottom with his pole and line. But no city shall ever lay alongside the heaving bosom of my mountain-born beauty; no wharf shall stretch its green legs into its clear depths; no steam-boat wake it from the glorious dream of its far-off mountain-home, where its cradle was the basin of the granite rocks, its nurse the evening wind of summer, and its mother the dews of heaven, wedded to the silver cascade that sparkled with its warm pulse and sang its song of love through the long moon-lit nights, and the amorous sun-shine of the day. About half-a-mile west of the Hut the river sweeps around a barrier of festooned rocks, and breaks in almost angry sportiveness through narrow channels made by the half-sunken chips that have been splintered from the main cliff. Here the scene is wonderfully beautiful. On the shore that acknowledges me as its owner, a dense wood walks carelessly down from the tall hill-side and throws its shadows across the bubbling, boiling torrent, and spatters the moss-covered rocks with spots of checkered shade. The limbs of the quivering aspen reach in delicate grace like the fingers of a fair woman, as if they would clutch and wear the diamond bubbles that sparkle on the rushing water. There is one rock, old as human thought and older too, I ween, that hems in the river on this shore. Never since the world was made, never since beauty became an element of creative wisdom, was there ever such a rock as this. It is the rock by which I swear. It is the rock by which the lightning flashes in wild wonder at its loveliness. It is the rock toward which the slight gossamer mist of the miniature cataracts, scattered all about, floats lovingly as if it would wreath it with a veil through which the sun-shine may fall like stars all sprinkling. I wish the whole world could see my rock. It is worth a visit from Asia. The stars come down from heaven to see it; the moon rises over the ridges to look at it, and beam her witchcraft over it. The shrubs and the wild flowers cluster in its mossy garden-spots of crevices, the rose is its queen flower, the briar rose, and in its still shadow where there is no eddy but a calm perpetual, the water-lilies peep above the surface, and would not quit its side even to be placed in the banner of Imperial France. My rock has a name. I have baptized it: I did it one summer evening. The idea had been wandering about my noddle for weeks, and so I resolved to go up to it, the antique gem of the bright waters, and give it a Christian christening. I dressed myself with great abandon for this important ceremony. I wore my slouched hat and decked its dark rim with a knightly feather, a feather

that an eagle had dropped as it flew over the Hut one day. I took particular care that my beard should go uncombed for a fortnight. My boots were as old as the cow from whose weather-beaten, time-stained hide they had been fabricated. My segar was the oldest that Cuba could give to Young America; and when the sun was just nestling among the bannered pines upon the nearest mountain, (I have mountains near my Hut, of which we will talk by-and-by,) I started with my clerk by my side, Newfoundland Neptune, and with wild-wood humming of old songs out of tune and out of date, entered upon the mystic rite that was to wed my rock to language and sanctify it with syllables. O my merciful God! how grand was all that scene! I saw it with my loving eyes, with a higher feeling than even good kings feel when they look from mountain-tops upon realms their own. I blessed it with more pathos of worship than the good king would bless his people, living, and toiling, and obeying him far down in the green vales of the lower lands. I blessed it and it blessed me. Stepping over the flat stones from the greyish-yellow beach, I at last stood upon the neophyte that was so immediately to enter into the list of the titled aristocracy of Beauty.

Off in the sweet air went my hat, with its eagle feather, and stooping down I raised from the silver current a handful of water and poured it over the brow of my beloved. The little rill fell over a rose-bush, and sweetened by its sweetness, it trickled among the mosses and then passed off over the white sides of the rock into the stream again.

I raised my eyes to the blue sky, to the deep mountain regions. I raised my heart, also, and there alone, sweetly alone, in the purple hour, in the gold-and-purple hour, I gave a name to my treasure, to my glory, to my monarch of the stratas, to my statue wrought into grandeur, into gentle outlines, into yielding curves and picturesque angles, into glades, into velvet-covered glades, into prairies of creeping plants, into forests of rose-bushes, by the delicate ARCHITECT who next day made the desert of Africa and swept the continents into formation.

All this time I kept my clerk in the water. He amused himself looking at the water-lilies, and the water-lilies seemed to look at him with their large white orbs, and when I had finished what I considered a sacred pleasure, we sauntered homeward, both meditative in the silence. The moon by this time had risen on her course, and ere I left the gate-way of the wood I turned to look upon my Christian rock. There he was, more beautiful than ever. One tender beam breaking the jagged top of the higher cliff on the opposite shore, fell over the cataracts, and then kissed the new-named idol of the scene.

Tell me, O ye wandering pilgrims of the world! ye ministers of religion, tell me, did I do a profane deed? Did I desecrate a ritual that John of the Jordan, and his MASTER of the Mount have consecrated to our good? Who was that hero-prophet that in the granited wilderness of Syria smote the rock, and from its marble bosom bade the living water flow?

This deed of mine was done in the solitude of the woods, in a place so sacred that murder, tempted by an unguarded Cæsar, wandering in the shade, would not have dared to raise his hand to win the gold the

rich man carried in his purse. Done, not in a moment of childish vagrancy, without an all-potent impulse to do a thing, made sacred to men's minds by the pomp of cathedral music and all the show of glasses, stained with rainbow tints, of forms of marble saints and canonized martyrs, of censers swinging their perfume of holy incense on the religious air of the dim aisles and over the glittering altar dazzling with candelabra all a-blaze. This deed of mine was done in the great church of God, where through the blue windows of the air streamed in the golden glory of His setting sun, where the gentle winds and the rushing stream made hymns that David with his harp in old Jerusalem never could have equalled; where the light mists threw up from swiftly-falling floods their smoke of tribute, and where flowers shed their perfume sweeter, and purer, and holier than myrrh and frankincense, and where the gilded trunks of trees stood around the altar of the rocks, and with their graceful traceries gave a halo to the scene, perhaps to the simple deed itself.

CHAPTER SECOND.

My Hut, of which I have given you a drawing, is, as you will have observed, of the composite order of architecture. I am speaking now of the exterior; of the interior I will speak hereafter. That tower is of itself a school of architecture. The roof is modelled after the roof of one of the wings of the Tuileries. It was a bold effort in the mechanic who lifted that stately tower amid the wild and unreclaimed scenery of my home. What secret toiling of thought must have harassed his brain as he sat amid the pines, and elms, and sycamores, within sight and shadow almost of the lofty peaks that lifted their towers amid the cloud-domes to the blue vault of heaven. Long years ago that piece of wooden ambition was lifted into the air to become the target of the winds and the rains, to glitter in the sleet-storms and whiten with the snows. It is very old, and its logs are covered with green moss; they were left just as they were taken from the woods, with the bark on, and when you stand at a short distance from the tower, when the sun is shining brightly upon it, the whole thing looks like a painter's palette, mottled with such a variety of colors, all so interwoven and blended together, that for the soul of you, you can but sit by the hour at the foot of some old tree and gaze and gaze upon it until the impression fixes itself upon your mind, that the hand of some cunning artist has been at work, and has left it covered with copies of wood-mosses, and rock-mosses, and tree-vines, and colors of earthy formations that he has found all about in the forest, and along the river-side, and up among the mountains.

There are two porches, or rather stoops, attached to my tower. From one of them you can see the river coming down from the cascade and the baptized rock, and from the other you can see it widening out to the reedy banks of the opposite shore. I like the view looking up, for it is wilder, and there is more of dash and sparkle in it, though at times I can but sit in the other porch on lazy days, and when there is going to be a warm day, for then in the morning the mist hangs over the trans-

quill sheet of water and twines itself in and out among the dense foliage on the opposite bank and winds itself into thin volumes, and I can watch it floating slowly up out of the crowns of the trees and sailing afterward toward the mountain, that with cliff and crag awaits it higher up in the holier air.

There are two windows looking upon the rude lawn by which you approach the Hut. These windows are old-fashioned affairs, and are apt to put you in mind of loop-holes in old turrets in other and older countries than this new land of ours.



MY PORTRAIT: FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BEADY.

In time of war, should I escape being engrafted like an unlucky shoot upon the main arm of our national defence, the militia, I intend to have those windows manned; and should peradventure, an English fleet venture upon an expedition up my river to look into my affairs, all that I can say is, that you will hear about it. A deep ditch cut around the base of the little promontory on which my Hut is situated would serve an excellent purpose; and a bridge, a real draw-bridge, with chains

to let up and down, with a fellow or two with heavily-loaded horse-pistols stationed within the portcullis, (is that the technical word that Scott and James have in their novels?) would be very serviceable upon the emergency of the fleet running aground and the troops coming ashore. At present the grounds are fenced in to prevent the inroad of cattle and wandering swine, and if HEAVEN so wills it, it will conform very much to my comfort and general way of thinking, if the British and other vagrants are kept at a proper distance, should they ever ponder an invasion of my neutral territories.

On the river side of the tower stands an oak, as old almost as the hills. His branches reach to the top of the tower: they did overshadow it, years and years ago, but time with its tempests has cropped the jubilant spirit of my tree, and piteous to relate, he stands in mute dejection, down-hearted, crest-fallen, by the side of the tower, half-envious of the endurance of such a queer old thing as that, which once he swept over in his days of power, ere the war happened in which he got his wounds. His branches scrape, they used to sweep, the side of the tower, and in the heavy windy nights of spring, there seems to be a constant quarrel going on between the old champions. Upon such occasions the turret threatens with vain boastings and idle vaporings to fall straightway upon the tree, and pound it into saw-dust, and the old oak scratches and pinches the ribs of his neighbor, and chuckling as the tempest whistles around his shorn trunk, seems to say: 'You won't tumble; keep up, old fellow; you will get well shaken to-night, and that mustache of vines you are so proud of, and your moss whiskers, perhaps, won't be as fierce to-morrow as they were this evening when the sun went down: keep up, old Loggerhead, stiffen up your timbers; you can't fall; you are afraid to fall on me, for if you did, the master over in the Hut there would burn you up for kindling-wood. You'd look nice, would n't you, blazing away in the kitchen-chimney, with a wild duck roasting upon you, and spitting fat in 'your face.' 'Rock-a-by-Baby on the tree top,' the old tower would reply: 'When the wind blows the cradle will rock,' retorts the oak; and so they keep it up the live-long night, and when the sun comes over the blue giant in the east, he finds his old companions of years standing quietly side by side, the oak leaning like a brother against the bosom of the tower. I may as well tell at once how it happened that I became the owner of this dear old place. I had heard that such a thing was in existence, and was to be had for little or no money. There were causes that I will relate hereafter, that reduced the value of the property in the opinion of the primitive people who lived adjacent; I had been looking for a retreat of some kind, and as there were no monasteries to be got at, and no nunneries that I could get into, I made up my mind to subside into some remote cave, where I could turn into a fossil and so petrify myself out of the knowledge of my fellows. It is unnecessary now for me to enter into the personal causes that induced me to the contemplation of this voluntary exile; sufficient now to know that I was at that moment on horseback, travelling through a sparsely-settled country, and nearing the terminus of my journey.

I had often to inquire the road or path, from straggling farmers,

whom I met as I jogged onward, and I could not but observe the expression of singular surprise with which I was greeted when I made my wishes known : sometimes it happened that questions were asked back again, and such queer, droll questions they were too ; but I gained a little information from one that lasted me for about two miles ; then from another, enough to keep me straight, until I got to the creek, where a log was fallen across ; and so, gleaning intelligence as I progressed, I reached at length the Hut.

It was completely dark when I threw the rein upon the horse's neck, and, allowing him to follow me, I advanced by a narrow path, not distinguishable, except by the opening among the trees, and without interruption I soon stood by the door of the house. Every thing seemed to be wrapped in perfect gloom and solitude in and about the place : not a sound was heard, save the distant noise, or as I call it now, the music of the water-fall in the distance, and the dry rustling of leaves as they fell from the trees in the crisp autumn air of the night frost ; they rustled in the dark like silken gowns that we sometimes fancy are moving about us when we are in old houses, where all the owners have been dead years ago, and where they tell us ghosts and such like things re-visit the parlors, and passages, and stair-cases, and bed-rooms, and wander in stiffened brocades and rustling silks, whenever a stranger happens to be in their old abodes.

I had been told by the lawyer in whose hands the property was left for management and sale, that I would find an old negro man and his wife at the Hut, and that they would give me accommodations for the night, or for as long as I should think proper to remain in my examination of the localities and the availabilities of the place.

Accordingly, I gave a hearty rap upon the door with my riding-whip, and awaited the result of my experiment. Away went the echo, all around the place, over the river, among the trees, through the building, and finally it seemed to arouse just such another rap, given a hundred years ago, off toward the end of the house. I turned in the direction of the abrupt reiteration, and for the first time, I caught a glimpse of a mysterious, dim, quaint form that stood bolt upright from the earth and darkened against the sky. It was the tower, this famous, grand, and noble tower of mine.

I struck upon the door a second time, and again the opposite shore told to every tree upon its banks that some body was knocking upon the door at the other side, and again the tower, like a church-steeple, tolled its airy bell, and halloed to the night that I had come.

Another blackness than the night heard my rap this time, for soon afterward I heard steps within, and then the door was unbolted, and, with a candle in his hand, the negro occupant stood staring at me. He was an old man, and though he had seen many winters, as the Indians say, that did not prevent his having some curiosity at the sight so unexpectedly of a gentleman of my distinguished style of beauty, standing before him, with a riding-whip raised in the air, as if about to strike, for I had intended to rap again, had my last rap failed.

With proper respect to the venerable guardian of what, in all probability, was to be my future home, I made my business known, and

with a message from my legal friend in the distant city, to my sable host, I was made welcome and bade to enter.

I took the liberty, before venturing farther into the Hut, to introduce to my new acquaintance an old acquaintance, who had accompanied me on my journey, and who had kindly borne more than half the labors of the route, though I had borne all the expenses — my horse.

Assured of his welfare, I hesitated no longer, and with instructions how to get on farther, I marched to the end of the hall, and readily finding a door, by bars of light breaking through long cracks in the door-panels, I opened it and found myself in the kitchen department of the establishment. In a tall-backed, cane-bottomed chair, sat a short-backed, broad-bottomed old lady of color, with her eyes half-closed, and her mouth whole open. To all appearances she had been sitting in that chair for nearly two-thirds of a century, sitting there until the old chair had rejuvenated itself and grown to be as tall again as it was when the chair-maker fashioned it into a sitting posture.

She rose at my entrance, and pointed me to another rush-bottomed chair, which, after the fatigue of the day's ride, I was glad to take possession of.

'Massa must be pretty well jaded,' began the antique female, after I had told her how far I had ridden; 'and young folks can't stand what old folks used to do. Old Mass Billy could ride fifty miles a-day every day in the week, when he had his hounds here, and never think nothing of it; and as for Mass Richard, nothing ever tired him out. Did you know Mass Richard, young Master?'

'No, I did not, though I have heard a good deal about him. How long has he been dead?'

'Ah! Massa! Mass Richard's been dead now twenty-five years. Pity he ever did die, because he was the best and the prettiest young gentleman anywhere in the county: all the young ladies used to be in love with him, and they could n't help it. He was too good and too handsome any how to live long, and God knows he didn't live long, and 't want his fault that he died any how. But Massa wants some supper — plenty of good corn-bread in the cupboard, and cold bacon. I can fry some nice cold bacon and eggs, and cook a nice cup of coffee; won't take a minet, Massa. Don't say you won't, case I know you must be hungry; young folks get hungry quicker than old folks:' and the old lady rose from her chair, and in a few minutes the fragrant smell of frying bacon, and the spatter of fat and eggs, mingled together in a pleasant volume, pleasing to two senses of a hungry man. An oaken table with a white cloth was soon in the middle of the floor, and ere long I had replenished my exhausted receiver, and turned to the fire for a foot-toasting and a segar. While at my meal the husband made his appearance, and with that old-fashioned ceremony common to the negroes of old families, he quietly entered upon the duties of a waiter. I begged the old gentleman and his good dame to draw near the blazing wood-fire, and for some time nothing was heard in the apartment but the crackling hickory logs, and the puffs that I made as I smoked the beloved weed of Raleigh.

'Massa, going to take the place?' at last inquired the old man.

'If it suits me. The house is old, and I suppose wants repairs. The land I don't care a great deal about, though I suppose that too can be improved. You have a fine river running by the house, have n't you?'

'Yes, Sir, and full of fish about half-a-mile up: plenty of falls. There you catch trout many as you like. The old house ain't very new, but I tell you Massa, it ain't leaky, it do n't want any thing but some body to live in it, and the land just wants some body to plough it, that's all. But, Massa, do you know all about this old house?'

I raised my head at the last words, and looked over toward the old man. His face was very serious, and the tone in which he put his question struck me with peculiar force. At the moment when I looked up, I saw the woman drop the woollen stocking she was knitting in her lap, and with her hand raised, as in the act of listening. Her husband kept looking at me, as if he expected me to reply to his question, but before I could say a word, the old woman exclaimed:

'Sampson, what's that?'

'What's what?' said Sampson.

'Hush! do n't you hear something?'

I listened, and heard the dull sound of the water-fall, and the melancholy cry of the whippoorwill, whose note, not distant, broke with singular expression at that moment upon the scene. The old negro turned to his wife, and gently put her hand down again into her lap, and then turned to me, repeating his question.

'Yes,' I said, 'I have heard all sorts of stories about the place; but that will not interfere with me in my purchasing it, if I like it. I would like to go over some of the grounds to-morrow morning, and would thank you to go with me and show me the paths.'

Sampson, for that was his name, readily consented, and for another short interval, we all relapsed into silence: the passing to-and-fro of the knitting-needles, and the continued puff of my segar; the moaning autumn wind, the sound of the cataract, and the wild cry of the whippoorwill, alone disturbing the complete silence of the place.

These pauses gave me time to examine the arrangement and furniture of the apartment. I said before that it was the kitchen-room of the house: the ceiling was low, which gave an appearance of greater length to the room than it really was: at one end was the fire-place, five feet in width and full three feet deep. The sharp frosty night made a fire necessary, but my sable companions, with their natural susceptibility to cold, had piled an undue quantity of fuel, and a Christmas fire blazed up the chimney, and spread 'a glorious light' throughout the room. In a recess was a calico curtain, behind which was the bed of the worthy couple: a chest stood in another corner, an old-fashioned chest, a cross between a carpenter's chest and a poor-house coffin, in which doubtless were treasures of garments; garments of the two there, and garments of those who long ago had gone elsewhere and forever, the gifts to these worthy dependents from their masters and mistresses. In one corner above the mantel-piece hung a ducking-gun, and beneath it one of smaller calibre; and beneath that, in perfect order, was a pair of pistols, tied together by a faded ribbon. An old-fashioned clock stood in another part of the room, and at that moment was steadily advanc-

ing to the tenth hour. One window looked out, as I discerned, upon the river ; a curtain of faded damask hung across it, and was supported by a large gilded pin — both, with the clock, relics of the former furniture of the house. A small round table, made to lift up, was covered with a worn and tattered cloth, deeply embroidered, and upon it was a large book, a BIBLE ; these things, too, were of the past glory and piety of the house. Altogether, kitchen though it was, it had the marks of elegance about it, an elegance only preserved by the sacred feeling of its present occupants, who, with no unusual sentiment of their class and color, attached a high and almost religious importance to every thing that had belonged to those whom they had served and loved, and who were no more. An oval looking-glass, with a frame of gilded vines and grapes of gold, completed the principal objects that met my eye in the shape of furniture ; but there were clean pots and pans stored away out of sight in an adjacent closet, and all the other essentials to humble house-keeping.

While I was taking this inventory of my neighbors' property, the clock, with a loud click first, and then with a sweet and ponderous voice, announced the hour of ten. At the sound I again looked toward old Sampson. He was sitting with his hands upon his knees, and his gray head slightly depressed, and, as I at first thought, in profound sleep ; but in fact the old gentleman was making a count upon his ten fingers. The clock had just struck ten, and he seemed to be telegraphing the intelligence all over himself. His wife had dropped her needles, and with her mouth wide open again, and her eyes twice as wide open as before, was gazing straight at me. Her hand was raised in the same gesture of attention. As soon as she caught my look, she said in a low whisper, but audible to all of us :

‘ I hear it again ! ’

R E C A L L .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

O BLUE-eyed Summer ! wherefore, idly straying,
Dost leave thy lonely children here to die ?
Whilst thou, upon some southern isle delaying,
Heed not how swift the sunny hours go by.

The lovely blossoms thou didst leave at parting,
Flushed with thy kisses, perfumed with thy breath,
Tired of long vigils, hopeless of thy coming,
Droop low their heads, and sweetly welcome death.

O faithless mother of those pure, frail children !
Sister of light ! child of perfume and song !
Amid the ruins of thy vast dominion,
I mourn, I weep ! Oh ! whither art thou gone ?

T E L L M E Y O U L O V E M E .

BY SARAH I. C. WHITTLESY.

TELL me you love me, for my heart is breaking
 Beneath the weight of struggling, unshed tears:
 And thou alone canst soothe the restless aching
 That lengthens moments into seeming years.

My soul is fainting in the shadows dreary,
 That spread their black wings o'er its broken deep:
 Thought sobs within her cloud-home, wild and weary,
 With anguish-murmurs, yet I cannot weep!

Tell me you love me: fold the mid-night lining
 Back from the inner world, so rayless now:
 Oh! let me feel thy dear arms round me twining,
 And thy fond lips upon my burning brow.

Lay thy warm hand upon my pale brown tresses,
 And shed thine eyes' sun-shine through sorrow's gloam:
 Upon thy bosom, in thy arms' caresses,
 There is my home, dear one! my only home.

Tell me you love me, while the light is paling
 To purple darkness round the hesper eaves,
 And widowed Autumn in her wo is wailing
 A funeral anthem through the falling leaves.

My soul is darksome as the shade that creepeth
 Along the gloomy track of dying day:
 'Tis Autumn in my heart, and Feeling weepeth
 Among the faded things that crowd its way.

Tell me you love me, as in by-gone hours,
 Beneath the lindens by the sparkling wave:
 Breathe it again, as in the olden bowers:
 No more! no more! the rose blooms e'er thy grave!

I wake — the dream hath fled! Oh! had I cherished
 The priceless gift of thy pure heart's first bloom,
 Life's loveliness had not so darkly perished,
 And showered their 'sere-and-yellow' o'er thy tomb.

No more within my arms thou'lt fondly nestle,
 And breathe, thy crimson lips, the whispered vow!
 Alone, alone, I walk earth's ways, and wrestle
 With grim remorse beneath a stoic brow.

Forgive! forgive! bend from the blue above me,
 And soothe my spirit with thy soul-felt tone:
 Tell me, in Heaven, lost one! tell me you love me,
 As through the world I wander — all alone!

Alexandria. (Va.)

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART FOURTEEN.

WE have made a great reform also in our dress. The success of the 'police regulation' of the city was so complete that our 'committee men and trustees' have taken in hand and 'tried on' us a new costume. It 'works' admirably. We wear an entire gray suit — a frock-coat with bronze buttons, and a 'soft' hat of a neutral tint, somewhat between drab and gray. It shocked our American notions at first, to be put in 'uniform,' and some 'bolted,' but their places were supplied by better men before we had missed them. I did not dissent, but secretly claim credit for having made the suggestion, although of course I did not make it directly, or seem to acknowledge its paternity.

I discovered early in life that it was not my fate to send an idea successfully into the world as my own. The only way I ever could succeed in obtaining a hearing for an idea of my own, was to procure some man of great assurance and 'reputation' to stand godfather to it unconsciously. It has been my cue to make him think it his own — perhaps to 'swap in the cradle' one of his own for it; while he, poor man, not knowing the theft, like the hypothetical subject of envy of the Venetian Moor, 'not wanting what is stolen,' and feeling 'not robbed at all.' I have always found a skull empty enough to hold such ideas as I chose to inject into it upon such shoulders as could bravely 'carry out' the head and the hint 'swimmingly.' Methinks every very modest man like myself should keep a block-head 'of reputation and character' to father his ideas, and to give them a respectable 'out-fit' whenever they are launched into life. For you may rest assured it is far less important in this world's affairs, *what is said*, than *who says it*.

Well, this time I selected a retired dry-good merchant, who is one of our leading stock-holders, and after half-an-hour's conversation with him, he very frankly began to tell me the advantages of such a costume, and how desirous he was I should be convinced of its propriety, and that 'my objections to it' would soon 'wear off!' All this and much more he said to convince me, being all the while wholly unconscious that every word he was uttering had been coined in my own brain-pan and sucked up by the sponge of his own. 'Is it not a capital idea?' said he as we parted, and he slapped me on the shoulder, and rubbed his hands as if actually in the glow of invention of an original notion. He advocated it 'at the board,' and 'it took' marvellously. Like Vholes in Bleak House, he was a 'very respectable man,' and, like a more worthy character,

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway:

and so 'the motion was carried : ' and now, in my rail-road suit, I am as gray as a 'gray goose.'

The conductor is exposed to so much dust, and formerly always looked so travel-worn, that it is quite 'refreshing' to see him now in his more tidy habiliments. They are *adapted to the occupation*, and that is the key to their success. We were a sorry-looking troupe in our former garments, 'you had better believe.' There was Tim Buckbee, for instance, 'an example to our purpose quite,' who wore a suit of black. The collar of his coat had come in contact with his hair, and the dust of the road had met it half-way, and the combination was a permanent asphaltic surface. If he had been thoroughly brushed every half-hour, he would have been more becoming in his appearance ; but as he was, he looked like a dirt-cartman 'gone to seed.' His black hat took the hue of the pulverized yellowish compound that floats in the air of our avenue, and wherever a friendly tallow-chandler had grasped his arm or coat-tails, to assist himself in getting to or from a seat in the cars, the prints of fingers became embossed in dust as clear as 'foot-prints' in the geologist's 'old red sandstone.' Where a slatternly cook had 'greased' not his 'palm,' but the leg of his pantaloons, they had gone out of mourning 'on the spot,' and 'turned to dust.'

Holly Hopps affected a different costume. He had a passion for colors. I fear he did not always study successfully to harmonize them. In his 'Sunday's best,' his blue cravat and red vest failed to soften or be softened by his green coat and yellow pantaloons — especially as they were all made of figured stuffs. Still, when he was fresh from his tailor's hands, he was not to be despised, although somewhat tropical in his feathers. But then look at him when he had gotten his 'toggerly' fairly into 'every-day' wear ! The LORD save me from all uncharitableness ! but it always cost me an effort of the heart to avoid thinking Hopps a fool for his vanity in seeking after gauds unsuited to his business.

I tried my utmost to reason with him : it was in vain. His argument was : 'Does not young Darg, who sits there talking so merrily with your friend Fag, dress in more colors than I, and surely he looks like a gentleman ? ' It was idle to say to him, 'young Darg' had just come into possession of a large estate by the death of his uncle. It did not open his eyes to point out that 'young Darg' spent five times Hopps' wages in adorning his person, and was 'gotten up' by an extravagant but skilful tailor at ruinous prices, and changed his apparel every day, so that he never became identified with a garment, and always cast them away when their first gloss was gone. It was nothing to the purpose to tell him that 'young Darg' seldom combined more colors in a week than Hopps in a day, and that, too, every day of his life. No, Hopps was like Burke's madman, who had 'a right to shear the wolf, and would shear the wolf,' no matter what were the consequences. Hopps had as good 'a right' to dress to please himself as any body else. He was an American — and a sovereign in this matter, at least. As for material and style, he knew better than to imagine a tailor in Broadway could make better clothes than an artist of the Bowery or Cathe-

rine street. He had tried all this, and knew all about it. So my neighbor Hopps 'stuck to his colors,' and though the dust of the road generally bestowed upon him the look of a peacock 'turned out to die,' he was game to the last. When, however, the new regulation came in force, and it was a pure question of bread and butter — 'obey or leave,' he succumbed quite gracefully, and is now an ardent advocate of the Reform.

Good example is the next best teacher after experience. I believe I got these ideas from observing the dress of European travellers, and now the neighboring farmers are adopting our costume from seeing its admirable adaptation to a service in which we have many things in common. Ten years ago when a farmer came to the city, (especially if he had ever lived there, or had friends or relatives there,) he was dressed in black from top to toe. He verily believed that his respectability depended upon it. It was meant as a show of the kindest and best of feelings. He did not wish to shame his city-bred acquaintances. He thought to pass himself for a citizen — as if that were something to be desired! He quite forgot that his dress never was well made, but was unmistakably provincial. He left out of the account altogether the fact that rough country usage had destroyed its fair proportions, and that time and the tailors had changed city fashions so that he was quite out of date. There was no fitness in his costume to any walk in life. If there ever had been, it would have been left far behind in the 'rogue's march' of tailoring. But there never was.

Riding to church on Sunday over dusty roads; going to the village on market-days, and other uses on dress occasions, soon soiled his holiday garments beyond redemption, and they steadfastly maintained their shabbiness to the end of the chapter — that is, until the wearer could afford to use them in his corn-field. This is now rapidly changing; what with dusty rail-roads, and the more promiscuous mingling of trade and agriculture upon a footing of equality, and the high cash value the farmer has been taught to set upon the fruits of his toil, the farmer has begun to think he may have an *intrinsic* value and respectability, and that, dressed in a costume becoming his occupation, he is as suitably attired to meet men in the city upon all business engagements, as if he had made himself miserable in a soiled and cheap imitation of a worn-out and obsolete fashion of dress. When he dresses himself for the presence of ladies, if he has an acquaintance with those who are punctilious, of course, like any other gentleman, I suppose he must accommodate himself to the customs of those with whom he claims to mingle on a footing of equality. What I refer to as an improvement, is the costume of the farmer when attending to business. He now selects a set of neutral tints, light grays and drabs, and he always looks neat and becoming. I don't discover that he has lost a particle of respect. Self-respect he has gained, for in his former caricature of a shabby-genteel, broken-down citizen, he always looked as if he 'felt cheap' and out of place. Now he bears himself proudly, as if he had the spirit of a man within him — not ashamed of his calling.

PART FIFTEEN.

I SCORN to attack a man for his profession, or a profession for a man. All general and sweeping assertions are for the most part false. There is probably no class or set of men so wholly bad but there are good men among the number. Nevertheless, I must utter my solemn protest against *homeopathy*, as I understand it. It may be a science; I dare say it is. It may be very wise, and learned, and scientific; I am not prepared to say it is not. But I put it down from experience. I say boldly I have seen it tried and fail. I do not condemn from personal experience, else I should (as my philosopher Pembroke tells me) distrust my judgment. Still I distrust from temperament new-fangled notions when old remedies and old ideas are effectual. Yea, verily, I have seen homeopathy fail signally where old-fashioned remedies 'did the business' without any flourish of trumpets and without announcing to the friends of the afflicted patient that he was 'at the point of death.' Now I know I am treading upon delicate ground, and I am careful what I say. I weigh every word. I have not yet said (and I do n't mean to insinuate it) that all who practise the healing art upon the homeopathic plan pretend to find every patient at death's door, so as to leave him, if restored to health, so much the more struck with the marvellous power of globules. I do n't *say* that.

Nevertheless, I have seen the experiment of the homeopathic treatment attempted on two signal occasions, and I feel it my duty to give my observations to the world. The first 'case' was, some years ago, in the village of Cambridge, Massachusetts. I was startled one night at my boarding-house by a fearful noise in the adjoining room. It was occupied by a young student-at-law, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. I arose quickly and went to his room. I found him half-dressed, moving about, with his mouth distended, gesticulating most violently. I knew him as one who sat up very late, but I was surprised to find him in the dark, and the more astonished that he did not speak to me. He made such a noise as a man might make with his mouth upon the stretch, without control of his teeth or his lips. He seemed dumb with fright and perplexity. His eyes and tongue rolled about in his head as if they had broken loose from their nerves and were beyond the reach of his volition. He made gestures toward me, and I confess I was frightened. I thought he was gone stark mad. He tried to take hold of me, and this alarmed me the more. I rushed from the room, and aroused and alarmed the family. The landlady was a kind-hearted, good soul, and was up and dressed in a trice, and fearlessly entered the room of my neighbor. She soon ascertained that so far from being dangerous he was comparatively helpless. She got him ink and paper, and he wrote in a hurried manner some hints of his difficulty. It appeared his version was, that sitting up late reading law, and becoming overpowered with the leaden dullness of his author, Grotius or Puffendorf, I think he said, he had dropped into a gentle slumber, which outlasted his candle, and upon arousing himself he had unconsciously yawned and gaped to such an unusual extent that to his bewilderment he had become unable to close his mouth. This story might answer for my

landlady, who was merely a woman, but I was not to be taken in thus. I had my suspicions he had dreamed what he told as a fact, but a paralysis of the jaw had in fact taken place, or that he was indeed raving mad. I inclined, however, to the former opinion.

I seized my hat and dashed into the street to look for a physician. It was pitch dark. I had no clue and knew not whither to go, but pushed blindly on until I saw a light in a window and boldly knocked. Pretending I had mistaken the house for 'the Doctor's' and availing myself of my blunder, I inquired of the murmuring inmates the residence of the nearest medical man. I was directed to one near at hand. I soon found him, thumped loudly at his door; got him out and on his way to my friend. We were soon on the spot, and found him as I had left him, staring with mouth distended, looking like a fool. The doctor understood the case at a glance. It was, as he said, a spasm at the root of the tongue. Something after the manner of the famous dog's tail that 'curled so tightly as to lift him off his hind legs.' The medicine man was, as he said, a homeopathist, and he had to ponder a little time over his book before he could select the appropriate infinitesimal. At length he hit upon it. It was *donnabella*, or *arabella*, or something of that sort, and he placed one upon the end of the patient's tongue, and sat down to wait its effect. He said that in about half-an-hour it would be time to take another of the pillulets. Before morning he hoped the patient would begin to find the strange tension of his jaws relax. We all sat down quietly and gazed in each other's faces.

At first it was very solemn. But I soon began to grow nervous, and drawing the landlady aside I begged to know if there was no other physician near. She told me of a medical student who had just come in the town to finish his studies, but he was no homeopathist, and she presumed from my selection he would not be satisfactory to me. I waited no longer, but proceeded forthwith and fetched him in. He lectured me on the way about my disregard of professional etiquette, and showed me to a demonstration that I was blasting his prospects for life by compelling him to save a victim from professional murder. But I would not listen to his scruples. I meant to get him on the spot, whether he would act or no. I detailed to him the symptoms of the unfortunate young man. But he was very grave and dignified until he entered the room.

I had heard of 'inextinguishable laughter,' but I never felt it until I heard the obstreperous roar of this medical student as he looked in upon the solemn mid-night assemblage in my friend's room. The homeopathic practitioner was sitting in dumb and profound study; the patient a model of patience; my landlady almost in tears. This sudden laughter was like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky. I cannot stop to describe its effects. The medical student asked for a couple of forks, or spoons, and without saying as much as 'by your leave' to the Æsculapian before him in the field, he thrust them in the mouth of the patient. In a second, crack went his jaws, and his teeth snapped upon his benefactor. A benediction to the new-comer and a hearty curse upon the homeopathic *savan* almost simultaneously gushed from the mouth so suddenly released from 'durance vile,' and the man of pills

gathered up his box and book, and departed hastily without uttering a word.

The truth of the matter was, as had been asserted in the beginning, master law-student had studied rather late and had yawned so terribly his jaws could stand it no longer and showed him they were 'put out' about it and would not 'come to' when he willed it. This was the first successful failure of practical homeopathy it was my lot to witness. I afterward was told by the discarded pill-man that if let alone he would have cured my friend, and then he gravely told me he had been administering such 'remedies' as would have produced lock-jaw. He proceeded upon the principle, as he said, *similia similibus curantur* ! What all that means I do n't pretend to know. Probably he was scientifically right, and would have murdered my friend in a very learned fashion.

The second 'case' was more 'striking.' I'll give a hasty sketch, as I am exceeding my limits. Late one very hot day last summer a young father was carrying his child upon his knee in my car. The child was quite a baby and was warm, and tumbled and fretful, and he cried and bawled lustily. He had evidently been out upon 'an excursion' and had a hard day of it, and was trying to avenge abused nature by this baby demonstration. The father had a little box full of lilliputian vials and a little book. First he would read a while from the book, and then selecting a tiny globule from one of the vials, would give it to the child. This was repeated again and again, but without effect. The child screamed louder and louder. The passengers in the car looked to me for relief from the nuisance. The father got out of all patience. Homeopathy, as he practised, would not answer. The father held the child before him firmly in his arms, and gazed steadily in his face, as if to read his disorder in his eyes. Instantly a thought seemed to flash across his mind. A remedy was suggested to him that the wisdom of Solomon has perpetuated, and which will out-live all the nostrums of all the schools. He threw the child, kicking and struggling, across his knee, facing the floor, and then lifting its drapery his hand rapidly fell thrice with a sounding thwack ! The uproarious screams of the little sufferer soon subsided into sobs, and in a few minutes the child slept upon his father's bosom in sweet and happy unconsciousness. Now, am I not fully justified in setting my face against homeopathic practice, both lay and professional ?

N A T U R E .

So FOND is Nature of the beautiful,
 She freezes not a leaf or blade of grass,
 On the moist marge of loneliest brook or pool,
 But ART's most perfect forms she doth surpass.

Unnumbered shapes her viewless fingers mould,
 As she delighted in her own sweet powers ;
 Or would to all who love her haunts unfold
 Her skill to deck the everlasting bowers.

LINES: 'THE GATE OF PARADISE.'

'T WAS evening, and the gentle EVE,
Still lovely as the morn,
Sat in the glorious moon-light
With her loved eldest-born.
Twelve summers ripened on his cheek,
And glowed within his eyes,
'Tell me,' he said, 'dear mother,
The tale of Paradise.'

'To-morrow, when the morning sun
Doth first begin to rise,
Then will I lead you on your way
To the gates of Paradise.'
The morning came, and as they went,
She said, in accents low:
'Now shall you learn and tell to me,
What long I've wished to know.

'First see if from the eastern gate
The flaming sword has gone,
And if the presence of the LORD
From the garden is withdrawn.
Trace every winding pathway
That once I used to tread,
And see if all my lovely trees
And all my flowers are dead.

'Then go you to the well-spring, CAIN,
Where I was wont to lave
My burning cheeks, and stoop to taste
Its cool o'erflowing wave.
Deep in the shadow of the fount
My statue saw I there,
With no vesture but its innocence
And overshadowing hair.

'When you are there, my dearest one,
Fail not to look and see,
If still remains the rose-bush
Once planted there by me:
So planted, that the crystal well
Reflected leaf and flower,
And I could see the image
From the window of my bower.

'Look — look you there! the garden
On yonder distant swell:
O lovely spot! my happy home!
Still, still I love you well!
She knelt upon one snowy knee,
With lifted hands and eyes,
While her young son fled swiftly
Toward the gates of Paradise.

T. McG.

THE FLOWER-GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY NELSON LAWES.

I.

SEE Nature, prodigal in youth,
At length her fall receives;
Fair-weather friends, grown cold, forsooth,
Drop boughs, and take their leaves.

II.

My longings for the flowers of spring
Were cut short long ago :
The snow-drop in my hands I bring,
And see it dropping snow !

III.

And what antipodes of thought !
This sickly weather, haily,
When flowers the scarlet rash have caught,
Or jaundiced are, or paly.

IV.

My Johnny-jump-up's fallen down,
The Sun-flower's very shady ;
The Lady-slipper, from the town,
Indeed, has slipped her lady.

V.

The trees, like nine men out of ten,
Own something very weedy ;
And, like some poor, proud gentlemen,
Are in decay and seedy.

VI.

Hear rustling Autumn's russet gown
Catching to wood and briar,
While blood-red leaves come tumbling down,
As coals from a raked fire.

VII.

Like water in the distance, blows
An ever-swelling gale :
Like shaken silver sink the snows,
And the hard-hearted hail.

VIII.

Well, well ! man's spring is from the dust,
And NATURE's is from this :
In JESUS will I put my trust,
For every future bliss.

Philadelphia, Nov. 8, 1856.

WHAT JEDD PALLFRY FOUND IN THE COFFIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY, BY T. B. ALDRICH.

I.

CHIMES OF MEMORY.

MERRY Christmas ?

Ah ! but it *used* to be. It used to be, before the dreamy mood of boyhood melted away like a silvery mist. Merry, merry Christmas, then ! The very words tinkled musically. I can hear them trembling yet, in memory, like that faint jingling of sleigh-bells which steals up from the street and in through the snow-muffled casement.

It was fine, then, to loiter in the crowded streets, gazing in the shop-windows — the *El Dorados* of 'fancy articles,' the Australian lands of bon-bons and rock-candy ! What stereotyped visions I had of kind St. Nick, with his reindeer equipage on the house-top, and his huge pack filled with trumpets that would n't blow well, and carts that would n't go well, and dear old Hans Christian Andersen's story-books, which never failed of being Arcadies of delight. Then at home, when the apples and nuts were disposed of, my grand-sire, God love his white hairs ! would take me on his knee, and read about 'CHRIST in the Manger,' with such quaint pronunciation !

Touched with these memories, and sitting once more, as it were, in the happy sun-rise of life, I am moved to write a Christmas story for Ida Maye, and little Carrie, and tiny-fingered Mabel, who are sleeping in the next room. I will put it in the most diminutive of the three mimic stockings — it is all the poor author can give to the little dreamy angels ! And some of these days, when this weary pen is quite tired out, when there is nothing left of me but two or three volumes in some out-of-the-way book-case, their mother, some Christmas eve may-hap, will call the darlings to her side, and read the time-worn, yellowed manuscript to them. And Ida Maye will listen thoughtfully, with the long ebon lashes resting on her cheeks ; and Carrie's roguish eyes will laugh out-right, though the story is a sad one, and Mabel will clap her little hands together like two white rose-leaves !

All this may be.

But before I write, I will steal softly into the next room and look at their sweet young faces. Oh ! but they are newly from Heaven, their tiny mouths are made up for prayer ! An infantile glory is only half shrouded by the drooping eye-lids, and those sweet faces light up the shadowy room as the tulips do some shady nook of the summer woods. I shall be better for looking at them. I will kneel at the bed-side — perhaps I shall be weeping, for to-morrow night, when the children dance round the Christmas-tree, a little boy, with wonderful blue eyes, will not be there ! and in all the presents hung upon the emerald branches, in among the red and blue candles, there will be none found

for 'Charlie!' And when we think of 'the little boy who died,' our lips will quiver, though laugh and jest go round, and the music be as gay and wild as the melody of Shelley's Queen Mab!

II.

THE ANCIENT UNDERTAKER.

OLD Jedd Pallfry turned down the gas a little, glanced nervously at the sombre row of coffins on each side of him, locked the shop-door and stood in the street.

It was Christmas-eve, and the snow-flakes, like tiny white birds from Paradise, were lighting on the chimney-tops and roofs, and in the long streets of the city.

Every night at that same hour, eight o'clock, for ten years, the undertaker had turned down the gas, locked the door, and placed the same key under the same mat, and stood in the same position for a moment by the window before turning into the narrow zig-zag street which, to him, ended at his supper-table.

But this time he was not going home. The antique Mr. Hans Spuyten Duyvel, whose death his amiable relatives had been impatiently awaiting for the last quarter of a century, had died that day; and old Jedd had been sent for to put the habiliments of the grave on Mr. Spuyten Duyvel's body, and two bright half-dollars on his eyes, the which small-change was afterward transferred to the pocket of the ancient undertaker.

Now old Pallfry had made coffins ever since his youth, and for thirty years really had more intimacy with the dead than dealings with the living. There was nothing in the whole world so beautiful to him as a coffin — unless it was an order for one. He had worked at his trade at all hours of the night: he had made little coffins — O such touching little coffins! — and fat ones, and slim ones; and by the ghastly flickerings of a lamp at mid-night, he had laid the cold white dead in the varnished boxes without feeling one throb of sympathy in that old iron-bound heart of his.

But that Christmas-eve he shuddered as he turned down the gas, and the long wooden tenements, with their covers off, seemed like so many satin-lined gate-ways leading to perdition. He felt as if a thousand strong currents of air were blowing him toward them! He could hardly keep from stepping into one; and it required all his strength to reach the door and lock it. Jedd drew a long breath.

'It's always so — every Christmas-eve: *she* does it!'

As old Jedd Pallfry muttered this between his thin, bloodless lips, he flattened and whitened his nose on the window-glass, and looked into the gloomy shop suspiciously. He saw nothing at first but the accustomed number of coffins, and the velvet pall folded on the counter, and those two slim black stools which we all have seen in our homes, God pity us! But as he looked, his dim almond-shaped eyes grew suddenly to orbs. A strip of the flooring had commenced swelling, and bulging, and warping! Little by little it grew into the shape of a mound: tiny emerald spears of grass shot out of it in every direction: then it was dot-

ted all over with yellow-eyed daisies, and a rose-bush, with a single white bud, sprung up from the centre. Jedd Pallfry's sight became so acute that he could see the perfume of the rose floating up in beautiful soft folds like the fumes from a censer !

Jedd rubbed his eyes, as well he might. When he looked again he saw the shadow, then the skeleton of a tree : then this took miraculous form, and a willow trailed its green lengths over the mound. And he saw the moted sun-shine falling upon the place, and heard the robins singing — singing in his shop !

Jedd looked and looked ; but when the grass and the daisies grew tremulous as in a sudden wind, and the grave begun to open, Jedd could look no longer ; and he shut out the strange sight by placing two lank, bony hands over his eyes.

'Merry Christmas, Sir !' said a hesitating voice at his side.

Jedd started.

'Merry Christmas, Sir !' repeated the voice dolefully.

And then Jedd turned his eyes on the speaker. It was a very shabbily-dressed lad. He had on a felt hat of no color whatever, a round-about jacket, and a pair of white duck trousers, much too well ventilated for the season. His physique was as delicate as a girl's ; and if it had not been so dark, Jedd could have seen a face in which there was a strange mixture of the Madonna and the devil — the expression of boyhood and manhood contending, and a sad experience written all over it.

But the snow was falling heavily, and he only saw a very little fellow surmounted by a very shocking hat.

'If you please, Sir,' said the boy pleadingly.

'Humph !'

And Jedd was about to bid him go his way, when it struck Jedd that after what he had seen, not even the love of his charming coffins could tempt him to turn on the gas again in his shop ; and to leave it burning until morning was a bit of extravagance not to be thought of. It occurred to him to hire this promiscuous wisher of merry Christmases to sit in the shop till he should have returned from the Spuyten Duyvel's : then he could turn on the gas and turn off the boy at the same time. So he changed his *brusque* manner, and inquired, in a tone which was intended to be extremely conciliatory :

'What's your name, bub ?'

'The last one, Sir ?' asked bub, looking up.

'The last one, Sir ?' repeated Jedd, mimicking the lad. 'How many have you ?'

'A good many, Sir. In Nantucket they used to call me poor Tommy, and orphan Tom, and Tomtit. But on board ship the sailors called me Nantuck — and they called Nantuck very often, and made him work a good deal.' And the boy shivered with cold, as the keen north wind swept around the corner with evident predatory designs on his tattered jacket.

'Nantuck ?' said his interrogator, turning up his pinched nose with disapprobation, as if the name filled his venerable nostrils with a 'very ancient and fish-like smell.'

'Well, Tomtit — I like that best, you know — if you will keep shop for me an hour or so, I'll give you a shilling.'

'I do n't know how much a shilling is,' said Tomtit, *alias* Nantuck, eagerly; 'but I'll do it, and thankfully.'

'The key is under the mat. Unlock the door, and do n't touch any thing. Do n't jar those lovely coffins; they might fall on you and kill you, you know.' Jedd never once looked toward the shop. 'If you see a grave in the middle of the floor, you must n't be frightened, you know. I'm not.'

And Jedd shuddered.

'I do n't see any grave,' said Tomtit, throwing open the door.

The undertaker summoned all his courage and glanced into the room; but the mound with its daisies and the weeping-willow had vanished.

'Dev'lish strange,' he muttered. 'It *was* there.' Then, facing his clerk *pro tem.*: 'You won't steal any thing, because there is n't any thing to steal, you know.'

The boy looked wearily around him, and seemed to think that the temptation was n't very strong.

'But he might take a lid, though,' thought Jedd.

However, there was no alternative but to trust him. Some how or other, and God wills it so, the most suspicious are sometimes *obliged* to place confidence in a fellow-mortal. Not you and I, gentle reader; we would do it willingly, for it is good to believe in humanity. Among other things, the old man of three-score years had not learned this.

Tomtit glanced over the apartment.

There was only the ghost of a fire in a small stove; all sorts of grotesque shadows peopled the room, and the dim blue light, which fell like an imitation of moon-rise on the long, narrow houses of the dead, made them look frightful. A coffin is an ugly-looking thing any way one can fix it, and twenty coffins are, of course, twenty times uglier.

'Queer place,' soliloquized Tomtit. 'I rather like it, though.' And the boy smiled a sickly smile. 'He thought I'd be afraid. A man who has been on a whaling voyage —' here little thirteen-year-old drew himself up to his full height — 'is n't likely to be scared by two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty, empty boxes! I guess not.'

The child must have been exceedingly weary, for he had no sooner located himself on one of the tall black stools, than he sunk into a profound slumber. His body swayed to-and-fro in a very undecided manner. At last it gave an extra curve, and Tomtit fell. He broke neither his slumber nor his neck — heroes never break their necks, I believe. The critics, however, sometimes do it for them. I know an instance.

Tomtit lay at the foot of his perpendicular bed, and there we will leave him — leave him sleeping with one of his thin, brown hands grasping the leg of the stool, and one foot in a coffin — the first time, I think, that such a fact has been recorded of any body, though we often hear of people having 'one foot in the grave.'

But while I whisper in your ear, let him sleep.

III.

THE SKELETON.

THERE is a curious skeleton in Jedd Pallfry's heart, and every Christmas-eve it turns and twists, and makes the old man feel queer pains and see strange sights.

These skeletons are very common to the human race generally. They are the phantoms of evil deeds and malignant thoughts — mental afrites that grow up in a single night, like toad-stools. Be wary, that you may not have one growing in your bosom. It will show itself. Mrs. Mac Elegant cannot drape hers with all the silks and brocades in Stewart's, nor old Three-per-cent his : it goes to the very bed-chamber with him and rides in his cushioned carriage. It walks with him in Wall-street and sits beside him at church.

But the undertaker's skeleton for the present.

There was never any body prettier than Nannette Pallfry. Indeed it would be hard to find in any woman's eyes a more enchanting light than that which lay in Nannette's. Her voice, like the poet's western wind, was sweet and low. She was as lovely and natural as a summer wild-flower, and so good that sin in her was not evil.

Mr. Theologician, you would interrupt me.

I will explain : if she had been less worthy of heaven, if she had been more worldly wise, cautious instead of loving, artful instead of sincere, in short, any thing but the very angel she was, Nannette's life would have seemed purer in the world's eyes ; but not in God's. I know that.

Nannette's history is an old story, told every day. For shame, man ! that it is told every day ! She lived, and loved, and trusted, and that is all of it, or nearly.

One December night she came in the snow to her father's door, and he turned her away — Nannette, the only thing in all God's world he loved with a human love. She did not weep, she did not even murmur : she only pressed the hand of a child who walked wearily beside her, and passed on.

Her life from that time was so full of suffering, yet so womanly and true, that the angels might sit and listen to a narration of it with delight. Nannette went far away from the city, and in a little town by the sedgy sea-shore, taught her boy to pray.

Year after year went by.

The world rolled on like a great wheel : men, and women, and children dropped off like flies, and Jedd Pallfry's hammer was busy — oh ! so busy ! Now while shrouds were being made, and coffins varnished, and the old world was turning on its axis, Nannette died.

The night of her death, just as old Jedd was fitting the lining to an infant's coffin, a grave grew up at his feet — a willow and a rose-bush, and he heard the singing of birds ! He knew what it meant. He knew that somewhere — he could not tell where — there was another mound just like the one beside him. Oh ! how blithely the little birds sang to Jedd. There were a new heaven and a new earth for some body that night, and how merrily the robins sang about it ! All this

happened while the snow-flakes were running nimbly over the house-tops like little white mice!

Every Christmas-eve, at the same hour, Jedd sees this phantom mound with its sighing willow-tree, and its lovely flowers, and its fairy birds, flitting here and there like the fragments of a broken rainbow! And at night he has a fearful dream. He fancies that four Fever-fiends are tossing him in his best velvet pall. Yellow Jack, with his great jaundiced visage, Brain-fever, shouting deliriously, Scarlet-fever, with red-hot eyes and putrid lips, and Typhoid, still and dreadful — he sees them all! and they paw him with their disgusting hands, and kiss him on the mouth till poor old Jedd is near going mad with agony and fear.

Nannette's child was adopted by a fisherman's wife, and very badly adopted; for when poor Tom was not busy catching fish, he was catching something else. So between boating and beating, the child was not as happy as he might have been with more of one and less of the other, or a gentile sufficiency of both. Having indulged in four years' experience in being whaled, he took it into his head to have a hand in the business himself. 'To be, or not to be,' was a question in the boy's mind; and 'not to be' beaten any more was his decision: so one fine morning, without as much as the cognizance of his beloved mother, Amphitrite, he placed his name on the books of 'the good ship Marie Theresa,' and sailed out of port with a light heart, one suit of clothes, and a prospect of hard work, which is all the 'rig out' a true sailor needs, HEAVEN bless him!

But Tom was too delicately made for a whaling voyage, and after wasting three years of the golden part of his life, he found himself in our great city one night, without money, or friends, or a place to die in. He wandered from street to street so charmed with the mad wrangling of sleigh-bells — a new music to him — and so dazzled by the shop-windows, that he forgot his hunger and the web of difficulties which Time and Fate, the busy monsters! were weaving for him. But hunger under such circumstances, like a renewed note, only spares one for a little while. It came back to him with interest, his hunger, and he grew disconsolate.

The city, with all its strange newness, was forgotten in turn. The snow chilled him, and the happy children buying toys in the grand shops, and the merry sleighs darting through the street like swallows, gave him an acute sense of loneliness. There were no mother and sisters to put gay presents in *his* stockings. Indeed, if there had been, they might have bought the stocking too, for never a one had Tom on those cold little feet!

Tom looked in Maillard's window at the rare pastry and confections, and his hunger grew maddening. He turned from the heaped delicacies, fearing that he might be tempted to thrust his arm through the thick plate-glass and help himself. He turned away in gastronomic agony, did Tomtit, and hearing the children cry 'Merry Christmas!' wondered what it was and where it could be!

Poor Tom, I have been looking for it these five years!

Nantuck passed rapidly up Broadway, and then, to avoid the heed-

less throng, crossed over to the western part of the town. Fate led him, for Fate deigns even to shape the lives of such estrays as Tomtit.

Once he paused at a baker's door and looked so longingly at a waiter of fresh tarts on the counter, that the shop-girl gave him one, and her glossy curls shook all over with delight at the ravenous way he devoured it.

'Poor fellow,' said the girl, sobering, 'he must have been fearfully hungry.'

He was ratherish, and he annihilated two tarts with enthusiasm.

As he turned out of one of the cross-streets which lead into Sixth Avenue, he beheld an old man looking in an undertaker's window, as if he were weary of life, and a desire to accost him and beg shelter, or directions for finding it, overcame his pride, which was but a remnant of its former self. He approached the man, who took no notice of him whatever, but continued to glare at the window with a wildness that almost startled Tom from his design. Now our humble hero was never blessed, or afflicted, as the case may be, with great colloquial powers, and he was somewhat at loss as to how he should open a conversation with the eccentric and unique individual before him. In this dilemma the words he had heard spoken a thousand times that night broke musically over his lips:

'Merry Christmas, Sir!'

Then it was that Jedd Pallfry turned and looked at him, and said:

'Humph!'

IV.

POOR TOM'S A-COLD.

WE left Tomtit floored, literally, at Chapter II.

The hours went by like shadows, and he still lay under the charmed influence of sleep — Sleep, the little sprite, from the land of Nowhere, that sits upon tired eye-lids and weighs them down so kindly. Erratic and coquettish Sleep, that will and won't, and is so very like a woman! so hard to win, so exquisite and true when won.

Tom lay dreaming of ships, anchors, and ambergris, of Nantucket and fish, and silent fields,

'WHERE calm and deep
The sun-shine lieth like a golden sleep!'

In the midst of this the fire in the diminutive stove went out: and now commenced a combat between the warmth of the dreamer's fancy and the coldness which was gradually taking possession of the room. The alarm of a conflagration in the next street, the muffled sound of the engine, dragged furiously past the door by men who seemed like demons red-hot from Pandemonium, and the jubilant clash of sleigh-bells now and then, had failed to move the sleeper. But the silent, invisible lips of the Chill-fiend were eating into his slumber, and he dreamed of icicles! His little embrowned hand lost its hold of the stool, and after one or two involuntary turns, he opened his eyes — to the fact that it was growing intensely cold.

It was in vain that he drew himself together, like a turtle: the cold touched the outer circles of his body, and sleep deserted him. He spied the velvet pall on the counter, and in a moment he had enveloped

himself in its dreadful folds. But the death-cloth warmed him no more than if he had been dead. In fact it threw a chill over him, and he seemed covered with a black frost, colder than the snowy tracery which grew like magic over the shop-windows! He threw the pall from him as if it had been a pest, and tried to warm his hands by the jet of gas which burned azure, and yellow, and all colors. But it only aggravated his coldness.

The idea of freezing to death took hold of Tom, and out of this grew a strange act. His eyes fell on a coffin which he thought would hold him comfortably. It nearly exhausted his strength to lay the silk-padded box on the floor. This being done, he settled himself into it without hesitation, and once more made a coverlid of the heavy pall.

Then Tomtit fell asleep again and commenced dreaming of dreary oceans and lonely isles, and 'fairy lands forlorn,' of cross-bones and eyeless skulls, church-yards and epitaphs, and God knows what! Just then a brazen-lipped sentinel in a neighboring belfry solemnly told out the hour, and, unseen save by God's own eye, high up the steeple in the snow, and wind, and sleet, a ghostly finger pointed to the cabalistic figures XII.

V.

LIFTING THE PALL.

JEDD PALLFRY was detained at the Spuyten Duyvel's longer than he had anticipated — two hours longer; and the clock struck twelve as he whirled round the corner, and brought himself up against the wind in front of his shop. The long tails of his thread-bare over-coat were flying all ways, and he looked like a great hideous owl lost in the night.

When Jedd threw open the door, he started back.

There, in the middle of the shop, just where the spectral grave sprang up yearly, lay a pall-covered coffin, the gas going out, and the boy gone! The place seemed chilly and damp like a vault, and Jedd shivered so, that the snow-flakes flew from him in every direction like sparks from a scissor-grinder's grind-stone. The stiffness in his knees gave out, and he supported himself against the counter.

Now one of those changes came over Jedd Pallfry which happen to us all at times, and for which philosophy's self cannot account. With resolute and fearless steps he approached the coffin and lifted the pall. The light, which seemed to brighten up a little, fell aslant on Tom sleeping. The strange young face, shaded by tangled curls of nut-brown hair, and lacking the soft influence of his closed eyes, was almost wild in its beauty. The parted lips seemed ready to speak, but they moved not; the eye-lids twitched, but were not lifted: and he lay a double picture — Life and Death!

Jedd started, but not with fear. He felt something trembling, throbbing, warming in his bosom. It was only his heart melting! The nature and humanity of the man had broken their fetters like reeds, and the love which had lain in a trance for a dozen years, rose up within him, and would be heard! His heart knew the little stranger in the coffin, and he bent over him with a tenderness that belongs to woman.

'Nannette!' he said softly; 'oh! so wonderfully like Nannette!'

The boy opened his eyes and looked about him confusedly. He attempted to rise, but his strength had succumbed to cold and hunger; and he sank back with a sickly smile.

'I'm so very hungry, Sir!'

'Only speak to me!' cried Jedd, hoarse with emotion; 'only say if you are Nannette's child!'

'Nannette, Nannette,' said the boy dreamily. 'Is some one calling my mother?'

The old man said not a word at this, but knelt down by the coffin and wept.

The clock struck one as Jedd Pallfry passed through the blinding sleet with something heavy in his arms — something wrapped in a pall. A drowsy policeman, ensconced in a door-way out of the storm, hailed him, and the drifted snow was more than knee-deep — but Jedd, heeding neither, struggled on with his burden.

Then a brilliant coal-fire threw a lurid and pleasant glow over old Jedd's sitting-room. The elderly house-keeper — completely dressed, with the exception of a night-cap which she had forgotten to remove — hurried to-and-fro in 'a state of mind,' collecting more jugs of hot water than would be required to warm the feet of all her Majesty's subjects in the Crimea. Close by the grate, in a Daniel Lambert of an easy-chair, sat the unconscious Tom, with Jedd soothing one of his hands and gazing anxiously in his face. So an hour went by, and then the child's eyes unclosed; and Jedd Pallfry took him in his arms, and the old man's whole heart was a prayer — a prayer to HIM who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!'

When I have said that terrible dreams and strange visions never haunted Jedd Pallfry after that night, I have said all. So is my story done.

THE snow has ceased falling, and through my window I can see the crisp stars twinkle like bits of chrysolite. The city bells are ringing a requiem for the dying mid-night, for the dying year. Silver voices from dizzy turrets are calling to each other mournfully, dolefully. A chill and a foreboding hang over all! And now the bells clang merrily:

'Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

'Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

'Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

'Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife:
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

'Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
And ring the fuller minstrel in.

'Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

'Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold:
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

'Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart the kindlier hand:
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.'

And of all Christian souls ! I pray God. God be wi' you !

AUTUMNAL ELEGIAC.

BY THE 'PEASANT-BARD.'

THE vane points south. Damp blows the gale,
From off towards ocean's misty waste;
Aloft the rainy signals sail,
And on their stormy mission haste
I stand and hear the roaring blast,
And see the wild rack drifting fast;
And watch on Unadilla's* braes,
Where late the summer sun did smile,
The marching mist, and scudding haze,
Like spectral rank and file!
There go the hopeful hours of Spring,
There Summer's more exalted pride,
In autumn glooms evanishing
By mournful Unadilla's side.
And other phantoms, too, I see,
Of perished objects, dear to me;
Once seen, like flowers of smiling spring.
Now all on memory devolves;
While in the blast all hollow sing
The ghosts of good resolves.

O buried time ! O vain regrets !
Yon visioned, gloomed, autumnal strife,
Minds me how fast towards autumn sets
My own bright summer bark of life !
Yes, voyager to the unknown shore,
No anchor holds that you throw o'er.
Affection's bower, e'en Love's strong sheet,
Cannot the forward tide withstand.
Blest Hope ! keep watch ; thy cry is sweet :
Land ho ! the 'Better Land !'

Gill, (Mass.,) Oct. 4th.

* THE name of the stream flowing through the farm of the writer, sacred to mournful memories.

D E A T H A N D I M M O R T A L I T Y .

I.

TELL us, O DEATH! why does thy touch awaken
Such shrinking awe within the trembling heart?
Why, when beloved ones from our gaze are taken,
Do we with sorrow weep from them to part?

II.

Is it we mourn that from this world of sadness
Our cherished ones are early called away,
To that fair home where all is joy and gladness,
And night is banished by eternal day?

III.

Were they not with us as some precious treasure,
Lent by a FATHER to HIS children's care?
Doth HE not prize our jewels above measure,
When HE would choose them in HIS crown to wear?

IV.

Will they not grace the glorious realms of Heaven,
Far better than this darkened world below?
Is not their struggle o'er, the victory given,
Shall not their spirits joy forever know?

V.

Let us think of them as in quiet slumber,
Within the church-yard's sweet and solemn shade,
Where rest in glorious hope a countless number,
O'er Sin and Death through CHRIST victorious made.

VI.

There is a hope that we may fondly cherish,
To meet ere long before JEHOVAH's throne,
Dear ones for whom our love can never perish,
And though in Heaven, we still may call our own.

VII.

Though on each brow a glorious crown be gleaming,
Though changed each face, and clothed with radiance bright,
Yet from the heart shall Love's warm rays be streaming,
To meet and recognize each form of light.

VIII.

Oh! joy, for mortal knowledge past the power,
When those long parted shall unite again,
Where all is peace, nor clouds of sorrow lower,
And fill the weary heart with tears and pain.

IX.

Then let us hope, with humble faith believing,
The veil of flesh shall soon be drawn aside,
And all the loveliness of Heaven revealing,
God to His perfect rest our souls shall guide.

Charleston, (S. C.)

MAY.

AN ADIEU: TO A LADY IN HER HOOPS.

I.

THE star is divine from its distance,
And, gazing at you from afar,
I've a theory about your existence
Extremely like this of the star.

II.

Whatever the orbit they enter,
Astronomers hold it as sound,
That each star itself is the centre
Of a system without any bound.

III.

Your way 's like the course of a comet,
Requiring a very wide berth,
And whatever 's therein must fly from it,
If it be to the ends of the earth.

IV.

To wonder is certainly human,
And the only conclusion is this:
That in such a whole world of a woman
There is something more than a-miss.

V.

My fears have lent wings to affection;
And so terribly great are your charms,
I have said on the fullest reflection,
You can never return to my arms.

VI.

Love, at best, is a hazardous venture,
And 't were folly to follow, a day,
An angel who never can enter
The straight and the narrow way.

VII.

So, accept the farewells of a lover:
His heart may be yours till he dies,
But his little attentions are over,
And he trembles at one of your sighs! (*size.*)

VIII.

Yet let me not call you cold-hearted,
For I know your whole nature is warm,
And the process by which we are parted
Is purely a matter of form.

TAUNTON DEAN.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER TWELVE.

IN WHICH MACE SLOPER SEES SAM AND GOES OVER CERTAIN CURIOUS EXPERIENCES.

NEW-YORK is an extensive place, as we all know — perfectly loud in its extensiveness — and some of my readers may begin to think by this time that if the fact ain't pretty generally promulgated it won't be for want of blowing by Mace Sloper. But the fact is, that the munificent immensity of its vastness is so luciferously perceptible to a man who does business with the concern, that he can't help advertising it — as all good customers are bound to do. For instance, just now I wanted something new — a different style of goods from the last chapter — and so I turned in to the great shop where all sorts of observations are put away ticketed in pigeon-holes like a great pawnbroker's place, and concluded to try the following.

There was a man here not long ago, who contrived, among other ingenious tricks, to owe Mace Sloper rather more money than Mace could well afford to lose — and to get in debt to Hiram Twine to exactly the same amount.

As may be supposed, this object of specuniary interest very soon became the object of considerable many dun-colored calls, which increased in intensity until things really begun to look as if we, the duns, were in a fair way to become dun-brown — a very pretty color sometimes for a bull, but a mighty ugly one for a bear — and Hiram and I just then had become the completest sort of bears, in going in trying to claw something down out of our friend.

During the course of these visits to Mr. Adger Clausen, when we very often called for a sight without getting one, I got considerably acquainted with his clerk — a *very* smart chap, whom Hiram used to speak of sometimes as Young Satan, and sometimes, unless I disremember, as 'Stoppie-Lees,' and which I expect was some literary figure amounting to pretty nearly the same thing. Well, it became reasonably clear to me before long, that Stoppie-lees, or Young Satan, had a devilish sight more to do with Adger Clausen's affairs, and held him three or four points closer than Adger Clausen held himself; and as the latter was a pretty sharp blade, I need n't say that Young Satan became almost as much of an object of interest to me as the same gentleman's Senior does to much more serious people when they have a doubt as to where the balance lies on their books, and are taking account of stock and closing up partnership with the world.

There was something about the young fellow which made the name fit almost too close for fun. In the first place, he was n't so much 'devilish handsome' as 'diabolically handsome.' His hair came down

in the centre very low, and then walked back behind two very high temples, which were flanked off by two small but queerly-pointed ears, which he always kept moving in a distracting sort of way when talking. After his hair (which was black and a little curly, but always a good deal rumpled) had left his temples, it stood back, and was mighty apt to mind one of horns. His face was pale, and used to look old or young, according to circumstances, while his black eyes always, no matter what was up, never lost a sort of a suspicion of a smile, but which never came out plain. His eye-brows shot up toward his temples right and left, and his mouth and chin seemed to be hard and grim, while he wore a mustache which put one in mind of a Chinese — it was n't a French mustache, or a Lager-Beer mustache, or a New-York mustache, or any thing Christian — but a kind of outlandish heathen Oriental affair, as original in its way as the rest of the face; and yet for all this, Stopple-lees was a very handsome chap.

It became plain to me after a while that Adger Clausen had rather got us, and that we had a hard row to hoe. About the same time I noticed that Young Satan seemed to take a rather unaccountable interest in me all of a sudden. He would talk as long as he could — and very few men could talk better — did me several very good turns in an extra way — and began to show a genius in the way of cross-questioning and pumping me about the very last things in life I could have ever calculated he would have cared the first rusty red to know. Not being one of your 'cute sort, I did n't venture to see much with him in this talk, and let out considerably little, which did not bluff him a mite, however, or promote his modesty one fraction.

One morning I found myself engaged in the old business with Adger Clausen, or Mr. Edge-and-Claws-on, as Hiram used to sometimes call him. Though not one of your 'cute sort, I was n't quite so green as to be attempting to show Mr. Clausen that the money was justly or honorably due, or that he *ought* to pay it, or any such nonsense. No *Sir-ree*; I was simply showing him why I reckoned I could make him shell over, while he on the other hand, was trying to prove quite as plainly why he thought that he could get off. It's a very beautiful way of doing business when both parties are old hands, who reduce every question of debt whatever to a matter of gouging, and saves a great deal of calling names, to say nothing of ill-temper. Well, we drylated away calm as a game of chess, for half-an-hour. 'Don't you see that I can *make* you do so-and-so?' 'Yes; but do n't you see that *I* can give you the dodge, so-and-so?' and so it went on, until at last, Young Satan, who always stood by, and occasionally addressed a word to either of us, spoke out very calm:

'Sloper, you are taking a damned sight of trouble for nothing, coming here, and arguing so with our friend. Just at this very minute you're taking up valuable time — time that Mr. Clausen ought to be devoting to collecting funds to pay you with — for he's going to pay you in full — *oh! yes, he is,*' added Young Satan, looking at Clausen as if he owned him body and breeches; 'every infernal brad of it. You need n't kick so, Mr. Clausen — by Jerusalem, you'll kick worse if you *do n't*. And stop — Sloper — you and Twine both run in the same

boat — glad I thought of that — Two of you — yes, Mr. Clausen, you must fork over to Twine, too — oh ! I'll be just exactly shot if you *do n't* !" he added with a patent diabolical shut-down, as Clausen turned to remonstrate : — 'yes, *Sir* — every mopus of it — interest and all : great mind to add a bonus, too, for the trouble Sloper's had with us. When shall it be ? — h'm — hum !' here Young Stopple-licks turned over a memorandum : — 'Wednesday week ? Now, Mr. Sloper, if you'll take my word for it, and will call on Wednesday week, you'll find it here — cash or check — slugs, rags, or dollars — according to order.'

From what I had seen, I concluded, before Young Satan had done, to run the chance, and took my leave with a bow. Hiram was out of town for a fortnight, and I passed the time in wonderation and rather duberous amazement. On the day appointed I was there, and by a second thought, did n't call till rather late. If Stopple-lees intends to pay, thought I, a few hours will make no difference, and if he does, he may as well see that I believe in him. Sure enough, when I went in, he disbursed the shimplasters — my money and Hiram's in full — took a receipt, and quietly let out a civil request that we would n't say any thing about our being paid. And, all things considered, I concluded that we would n't. 'Every man for himself,' in New-York as in a certain other place, and when a man is so *un-common* lucky as to recover money that the debtor might have deluded payment on, there's no special call for blowing that I know of — at least not along Wall-street, where men often 'button up' for much less.

When Hiram returned and found how things had been worked by Young Stopple-licks Satan, Esq., he pretty nigh went off with the high draw licks vulsconscions. On recovering, his first natural impulse was to offer his hat to me, and his second, to stand treat, which he did for exactly three hours hand running to all the friends he met along Broadway between Wall and Nassau-streets, in consequence of which he had such a bulging big crowd following him up to the Astor that a report was brought to Mr. Dana up at the *Tribune* office, that an impromptual mass-meeting ten thousand strong had broken out over by the Park, the bearer wishing to know if it should be local or first page leaded. After all had subsided, we concluded to lay off for more extensive eventuations.

They came a few weeks after under the head of ANOTHER TREMENDOUS DEFALCATION !!! WALL-STREET IN A PANIC ! followed by a grand blow-out in all the papers on the impropriety of stealing in general, and of the perverted genius of Adger Clausen in particular, who had forged, gouged, and spread himself altogether in a high old style on the fine-nancies. Of course an investigation was rushed up, the leading resolution of which was to the effect that as not the first impartial speck of Edge-and-Claws-on was perceptible, and as his carpet-bag was likewise rather scarce, the probability was that he had slantendicularly diverged from the path of moral correctitude, and had taken out a through ticket to the other side of Jordan. Then there was a tremonstrous haul at the books, and a grand flourish of cross-cut cataqueeries at Young Satan, in the hope of vengeance, or something or other hot, all of which was met by that mild youth with answers and proofs that

he didn't know nothing — that he was a sort of model stupid clerk who copied off what he was told to, and entered as he was bid — and had, moreover, lost thirty-seven dollars salary due and a silver pencil, gift of a relative, by the sudden moving of Clausen, who had borrowed it of him, as he firmly believed, gentlemen, with the deliberate intention of not returning it.

One or two mornings after, Twine and I concluded, as things were pretty well bust up, and the rags a-flying, we'd drop into Clausen's and see how Stopple-licks was getting along. There was a still look about the office — the books and papers were all in place — nothing going on — and Young Satan sitting high and dry on a desk smoking a segar, with the off-corners of his eye-brows drawn up higher than ever.

'Good morning, Sir,' says I.

'Morning, Sloper,' says he, without getting up. 'Twine — take a chair.'

But Hiram sat down on another desk opposite *veesyvee* — and a fine couple they made facing one another. It never struck me before how much some men *do* look like the devil, and how much stronger any look grows on us when we come across one of our own stripe. There was Stopple-lees, keen and hard, and Hiram, handsome and gentlemanly — but the *Yankee devil* was marked on both of them in profile, and any body looking at 'em would have felt horse-racy, and wondered who'd get a-head.

'Sorry to see things look bad for Clausen?' remarked Hiram.

'Bust to awful flinders!' replied Stopple-licks: '— never mind, Twine — *you're* out.'

'That's a fact,' answered Hiram. 'We're on our cotton, high and dry over the freshet and the rush-logs, with nothing to holler *at*, and a great deal to holler *on*. Now, as neither Sloper nor I are hogs, who eat our acorns and walk off without so much as looking up at the tree they fell from, we called round, thinking that under the circumstances you might be in trouble, or cornered some how, in which case we would be very happy to assist you, with pecuniary or any sort of aid. In the first place, if not intrusive, I would like to know if you are complicated or troubled in any way in the Clausen business. Do n't answer if you think it's none of *our* business.'

To this question Stopple-licks *did*, however, answer in a very novel and original style. With a very diabolical sneer, which seemed a large six-story block and back-buildings of contempt for such a trifling difficulty, he replied:

'*Yap — hoo! No Sir-ree-e!*'

'Have you reflected on your prospects in life — in any trouble for the future?'

'RIP SAM! — SET HER UP AGAIN!' was the equally lucid response.

'But have you got any bait to go *a-fishing* with?' I inquired.

'Poor orphan, kind gentlemen, *of* course, you know,' he answered, and I think he said this with the wickedest look by a long shot I ever saw. And as he sort of shut one eye and almost laughed with the other, he gave his left arm and shoulder a twisted flop in the air and went on:

'Thirty-seven dollars of my salary lost by my late unprincipled employer — and a silver pencil —'

'Silver your grandmother !' burst out Hiram. 'You 'll do to travel. I reckon you won't be reduced to eating fried flies or baked bumble bees without butter — not this season at least. And now' — here Hiram became serious and let down his tone — 'do n't be offended if I increase the great obligations we are under to you by a word of advice. *Do n't do this sort of thing too often.* I know the horse you 're riding — know him all to pieces. When I started on this New-York course I thought that there was n't but one ticket to run, and that was to stick at next to nothing and be as sharp as the very d — l. When I got older I begun to scratch that ticket. Look out. A man may go to the bank once too often.'

'Go on, Twine,' says Stopple-lees, smoking away as if a moral lesson was as good as a free lecture. 'Propel !'

'There are a good many young chaps of your stripe in New-York,' said Hiram. 'They would gouge Beelzebub out of his pitchfork and eye-teeth, if they could catch him anywhere between Beaver-street and Bleecker — in less than four seconds. They would contract to fill Tophet with brimstone in thirty days for nothing, and would then go bearing around until they roped some body into paying them for taking away the sulphur to do it with. *Do n't try it.* The sharpest blade will get its edge across a nail some day, and those that do n't are mighty apt to wear away all the steel by such everlasting sharpening, until there 's nothing but a dull, soft back left. A man ought to cut his eye-teeth — he 's *got* to do it here in New-York — but it 's a bad plan to file them down like a cannibal.'

'Suppose you *are* a cannibal, though, old fellow,' said Young Satan ; 'or a razor — or a wolf.'

'It won't do, my friend — it *won't do*. You know me pretty well ; we 've met down-town before this operation — and you know, to be plain, that though Smash-pipes — (what 's his name ? — Clausen) — got a foul snap on me this heat, I can be wolf, too.'

'True enough, Twine — nobody ever made shucks out of *you*.'

'Well, I begun long ago to get acquainted with Miss Playfair, and so did Sloper. Give her a call — she 's a likely girl. And now to wind off. If we could have found a chance to do you a good turn, *we'd have done it*. If you ever get sposh — and it 's very likely you may, running across the street among the stages the way you do — Mace and I, if we 're about, will try to set you up spand-clean. Perhaps it was rather green-owly of us to think you might be out of brads, and some men, after smashing Clausen as about east as you seem to have done it, would n't take the idea for much of a compliment. I might have thought that any body who could spare Sloper and I such debts, would n't be out of bullion — much.'

'Easy over the stones, there, Twine,' replied Stopple-lees. 'A man may be as poor as a crow and do another a good turn. Do n't you think so, Sloper ?' says he, letting out a puff of smoke, and looking me straight forward in the eyes with a very curious look, which I had noticed often before when he was talking with me. And I may say,

by the way, that it was, by a long shot, the most Christian look I had ever seen him raise. 'Do n't you think so?'

'Well,' says I, 'I'm not one of your 'cute sort, so maybe ain't a judge. But as things go, I do n't think that such good turns as yours are generally very common — that is, not *often*.'

'You would n't believe, for instance,' says Stopples, turning bow toward Hiram, 'that a man — or boy — would go without an overcoat in a Boston winter, to help suffering acquaintances that he did n't know much of, and had n't any particular reason for helping?'

'Well,' says Hiram, 'I would n't call a man a liar if he insisted on saying so. Such cards *have* turned up — even in gambling-houses.'

'Well, when they *do* happen,' says Stopples, 'they ain't forgot, not even by cannibals. *That's* so!'

And as he let this out, there was a sort of old-timesy notion came over me — a recollection of things that I thought had drifted clean out with the tide and gone down all water-sogged years ago. They were things that had n't turned up extra-often in Mace Sloper's memory, and he had to give them two or three rolls over and fluff the dust out of 'em before he could exactly make out their color. And I was slow in finding them. First I went over old times in New-York — then the boy-days of Chippety Whonk in Massachusetts; then other spots, until I spotted them in Boston, in the regular start, when Mace was a young shaver of fifteen and sixteen, just getting under way and learning the ropes in the store of Mr. Coolidge Claflin — a youth just between hay and grass, and a very different style of goods from the precious samples of juvenility which rush every morning in an expensive flood down Broadway.

In those days Mace had got just a *leetle* too old and too genteel to play props with the boys, or go shares in a 'sight' on election-day, though he was n't by any means so well off or so proud but that it was the tallest kind of a treat for him when he could afford to buy a small boiled lobster of a man who used to sell them out of a wheelbarrow in front of Boylston Market. But my more ordinary dissipation did n't generally go beyond buying two or three pennies' worth of nut-cakes, or maple-molasses candy from an old lady who kept shop in Cornhill, near the house of another old lady with whom Mace boarded on terms which would n't at the present day be considered particularly expensive in New-York for a well-grown cat.

Well, in the course of my one, two, and three-penny visits to this candy-shop, I used to sometimes meet and get acquainted with a pretty respectable-looking girl of about my own age, who used to lay out funds in the same luxuriant manner and on the same expensive scale. And Mace being naturally gallant, (though not 'cute,) always insisted on her taking the best of *his*, and in fact, often stood treat on many occasions in the most extravagant manner.

And so we candied along together, the acquaintance being just a plain good-natured, natural boy and girl acquaintance and nothing else. Now-a-days, I know, writers can't so much as make two nurses hold up a boy and girl baby face to face without rushing of them into an early but thrilling attachment, or a strange sympathy of soul, the first bust-

ing out of young love ; and really, from some facts that have come under Mace Sloper's notice, he begins to believe that the writers when they speak in that way of the present youthful generation ain't far from facts. Such, however, were n't the facts in my case — seeing as the heft of the sweetness lay in the candy and not in any courting whatever. Chirk and lively we both were, and Mace Sloper, like most boys at that age, no doubt thought himself all sorts of a chap, but the idea of sparking every pretty girl I met was rather above my bend then, and I did n't ambition it.

But I was well enough up to the fastinations of eating candy and nut-cake in good company, and had so far cottoned to Miss Mary Batchelder (that was her name) in the business, that I began to feel considerable sorry when I found that her shopping of an evening was growing scarcer and scarcer, till at last it thinned out altogether and came up wanting. I knew that Mary had a sick mother, and I also rather reckoned that she was running short of pennies, which caused Mace to come out on several occasions in a very noble manner and show a disregard of expense, which, if carried out in proportion to his funds at the present day, would have the immediate effect of transferring the big emerald-headed-diamond-snake bracelet now in Mr. Tiffany's show-case to the arm of Amelia Twiggles — but to propel !

Mary's visits to the shop at last stopped altogether and I saw nothing of her for two or three months. I rather got out of the way of going there myself, until it happened that one evening at the end of the time we met in the old place again. And she was so changed and looked so poor, and pale, and peaky, that Mace began to feel considerable wamble-cropt himself, and after laying in a double-extra stock of good things, started for a regular long walk and talk in good old-fashioned style.

Mary had got as far as the Common, keeping a pretty stiff upper lip, but when there, and she opened her mouth for a talk, the poor cosset burst into tears. She had a doleful story, one of those which bear hard on grown-up people, but which cut deep down with young ones who have never seen any serious sorrows and who perhaps cry, or come near it, when they hear of them from others. And the first trouble Mary told of was the greatest in life — the woful loss which, whenever it really touches a *heart*, gives it a different shade forever. She had lost her mother.

Mace Sloper forgot all the manly ways he had been picking up about the store, all the lessons of Boston, and remembered nothing but home and his own dear old mother knitting away in the humstead at Chip-pety Whonk, when Mary Batchelder told how *her* mother had come with them from the West, hoping to meet in Boston a brother expected from abroad, who never arrived ; how she had fallen sick and been strange among strangers and grown poor ; how she had written to relations left behind, who had never answered ; how her mother grew worse, and how, with scarcely an acquaintance to aid in sickness, she had died.

And as it grew night and the stars shone out, young Mace Sloper sat down on the little low old broken fence which was round the Common

in those days, and cried with his poor friend till both their hearts were easier. Then, bit by bit came the whole doleful story: how Mary, who was left alone with a little brother, Sam, only ten years old, had no friends, no money, no work; and in one desperate word, which with the poor is sometimes a very desperate one, 'did n't know what to do.'

Now there was never a Yankee boy yet, even when he was fresh from the country where he'd been a great 'home-boy' at that, who could n't strike out something in such a trouble, even though, like Mace Sloper, he was n't naturally one of your 'cute sort. His first question was to find out how Mary and little Sam were fixed. Their last landlady had, after being part paid, sent them off to a forlorn enough place, where they now lived in a small garret room, and were getting very fast toward the end of the small amount of money left after mother died. And what was to do when that was gone was the question; a very nice one indeed for a girl who was a mere child even for her years, and who had in her life only seen just suffering enough to nearly scare her to death at the thoughts of more.

Mace Sloper's first movement was for one not in the 'cute line, if I remember right, reasonably sensible. He made friends with his old landlady to give the sister and brother a garret in *her* house, which was, if poor and old, at least clean and in a very decent part of the town, and very different from the dismal, dirty den where they had been packed off. A great moving we had, all being done of course after dark and after store-hours, Mace carrying one end of a trunk, Mary the other, and little Sam coming after with a bundle and a basket, with a sit down and rest at the end of every block. And the old landlady was kind, and did her best by the poor orphans, and found Mary some work, and we got along gloriously. But the old lady, though kind, was poor, and Mace being a sort of proud, and thinking that he had rather stuck Mary and Sam on to her, squeezed it awful hard to pay something towards their expenses. Hard squeezing it was.

The sum total of my worldly wealth in those days was three old French crowns, which my grandfather had brought before the war-time from Canada, where he had got fifty of them at once from a Kanuck in trading. Over and above these I had laid up eight dollars to buy a handsome top-coat, and Mace Sloper had made some tall calculations as to the amount of glory he should raise while splurging round at home in Chippety Whonk at Thanksgiving in *that* coat. It was a great deal of money in those days to give for an overcoat — for me. But the eight dollars, and the three old crowns, and something over in the long run, went to the old landlady; and Mace figured away of cold mornings down to the store without an overcoat, and being a stout hardy Yankee boy, hardly missed it and never took cold, though the thermometer sometimes got down to a figure which would have turned half the fast little bloods of New-York into water-ices. But when Thanksgiving did come, and Mace had to go home, he did begin to adventure and look around considerable, and finally hired a coat for the consideration of two old books, from a clerk in a neighboring store, and by dint of extra-considerable ingenuity contrived to dodge questions and not tell lies either about it to the verdant rustics of Chip-

pety Whonk, every mortal soul of whom boarded me with the question, 'Where did ye get so much coat?'

Every thing leaks out in this world, which is the worst old basket to stow secrets in that ever was invented. Some how the old landlady found out that I meant to buy a top-coat and some how (for she was a regular Yankee and a nice old soul too) she guessed her way through the whole mystery. After a while Mary's letters reached a half-uncle in Ohio, a kind man, who had known but little of her, but who, when the news came to him in the spring that the children were in Boston, came on. Before he arrived, though, they had found friends to aid. Mr. Claflin, in whose store I was, heard through me of the story, and Mrs. Claflin lent a helping hand just when it was most needed. And so Mary Batchelder and little Sam were carried off West, and Mace was left on the pavement of Cornhill with tears in his eyes and a silver watch in his fist, placed there by the uncle, who had been faithfully informed by the landlady even unto the last cent of the good deeds of which Mace had been guilty.

All long, long ago! But Mace could very well remember something of one character who has n't come out very strong in this Boston story, though he came out most all-sufficiently strong, co-chuck up to the hub in slasher-gaff style in after years. And this was little Sam, whom I remembered as an 'all-fired 'cute' youngster, a boy with black eyes, not much of a talker, but handling a pen and ciphering like a miracle, and who had actually got himself some considerable odd chores of work and earned several dollars in the last weeks of the time he held up in Boston.

And by the time that all this had travelled through my head, I understood pretty clear why it was that Mr. Clausen's sharp clerk had had the grace to save Hiram's brand and mine out of the burning, and that that same sharp clerk, as keen and spry now in the ways of the world as an experienced old steel-trap, was nobody else but little Sam Batchelder!

He saw that I had spotted him at last, and smiled — and the smile was so different from any thing I had ever seen in him before — so gentle and so full of a 'could n't help it' look for all the hard bluff game he had been playing against life single-handed for so many years, and looked so much like the little Sam of old times in Cornhill, that Mace Sloper felt that his heart and throat were both getting twisted up, while the tears which came into his eyes shut out the sight of the smile altogether. I rose and walked up to him and took him by the right hand, while I laid the left on his shoulder, just as I would have done twenty years before.

'And so,' says I, 'you're little Sam, and all the time you've remembered me. There are a good many people in that time who've forgotten me (and a good deal more with me) than you have done such a good turn for. Little Sam!'

'Not exactly, Sloper; you're tied up in my mind with too many things that a man never forgets. I may be rather a hard case, (do n't judge me too quick, gentlemen, here in Wall-street,) *but the harder a*

thing is, the more likely scratches are to stay on it. And you scratched a pretty deep line into my heart, Sloper, twenty years ago !’

‘Well,’ said I, ‘now we’re all right together, and bound to be better friends than ever. But, not to spoil a merry meeting, there’s one thing more I’d like to say, Mr. Batchelder.’

‘Do n’t *mister* me, Sloper,’ says he, looking up, but as pleasant as ever. ‘Call me ‘Sam,’ as you used to do.’

‘Well, Sam, it’s only this, and after this I’ll be shut on it. Now that I know that you’re Mary’s brother, and the same that used to be such a bright, good little shaver there in the old place, I would give all the money you’ve saved me, and twice as much again, to have found you rowing in another boat. That’s all.’

‘Tight papers, Sloper, tight —’ Here he tried a puff at the segar in his old style. But the light was out. And there was a look in his eyes as if a good deal worse fire in his heart was burning down lower than it had done for many a day.

‘I guess it’s all right,’ says Hiram in a kind-hearted, gentlemanly manner, which came in so pat and prompt that I felt fifty per cent better. ‘Batchelder, I reckon you and I had better train together for a while : a few weeks’ business with me will bring you round O. K. : you’ll like it on the whole, better than the grab game ; and won’t flunk either. It would be a confounded shame,’ he added, looking at Sam with the same admiring look he used to give a first-class trotter, ‘to see genius like yours wasted. With ability like *yours*, my dear Sir, a man can *always* afford to run on the straight-out moral figure, which you know is the shortest way to an A No. 1 credit, after which he can fly kites in peace, comfort, and security, and otherwise air his paper, to the end of his days.’

It was thus with cheerful counsel that Hiram began to boost Sam up the tree of virtue, and if some people may object that the last start was a rather easy one, it only proves that they never had a shingle hung up in Wall-street or thereabouts. And it being now about twelve o’clock and all easy, Sam opened the fire-proof, and bringing out a bottle, and two tumblers, and a china mug, invited us to draw what water we required for our brandy out of the spicket of the counting-house filter and join him in a smile. And having smiled about three fingers all round on the illustrious old ‘Paulding,’ I inquired — almost afraid to before — if his sister Mary —

‘Yes, Sloper, she lives in Cincinnati. Married well to a Mr. Redner ; and I almost think that you’d know her now. Time has let her off easier than me. I have n’t seen her for about a year ; but there’s a lady up at the Astor — a very intimate friend of hers, who can —’

‘Why, LORD bless my soul !’ cried Hiram. ‘You do n’t mean to say Mrs. Redner’s *your* sister ?’

‘Well, I *do*.’

‘Why, I know her and her husband like a book ; it’s only yesterday I asked Ned Sandford about forwarding some dresses to her that Mrs. Twiggles bought. And, Mace, Mrs. Twiggles is just the most intimate and dearest friend Mrs. Redner ever had. If there’s a secret about

your early acquaintance with our friend here, or any quiet little story, I'll have it out all straight — *via Cincinnati*.'

'You need n't go so far for it, Twine,' replied Sam. 'I'll spin you the whole over a segar this evening.'

'And I,' said Hiram, 'will spin you another about Sloper here and a certain widow——'

'Come, now,' says Sam, 'this is comfortable. I begin to feel as if I had found some relations. Things *do* work round queer sometimes, that are a fact, as they say out West.'

'It just exactly *av'*,' replied Hiram; 'and talking of that puts me in mind of what I was just saying about a widow. I say, Mace, is it known yet when a certain wedding is to come off between a celebrated dealer in Wamsquatequa and Yonkville? and——'

'They say that Yonkville's a very good stock,' says Sam, all at once: 'I had a notion that he did n't like seeing me plagued.'

'Yes, a sort of a rising fancy. Do you know how Mace bulls it up? About a year ago all the folks round town were utterly flummixed to find in the KNICKERBOCKER a parcel of cock and bull stories, which have been kept up from month to month. Sometimes they're about one thing, sometimes another; but one thing they're *always* about, and that is, the praise, honor, and glory of those same particular stocks. Gov. Huston and Clark rebelled at first, (Clark raised thunder, in fact,) and said that they would n't have the Magazine made a bellows of, to blow up the best stock this side Jordan; but Mace, some how or other, keeps puffing away at them, and I believe every once in a while bones some flunkiey or other with a few shares. I should n't wonder if he contrived to lug them in some how into the very next number.'

'Sam,' says I, 'you *know* that 'Wamsquatequa' is an elegant investment for any body—and 'Yonkville' a *sure fortune* for him that buys *enough of it*. I ain't one of your 'cute sort; but I can tell *you* that it's *a-going*.'

'Well,' says Sam, 'I *did* hear that you anted off a thousand shares of Yonkville on Kimball, or Cordova—which was it?—in trade for Texas lands. That looks as if it might be good. It ain't easy to stick either of those chaps—not in a general way.'

'Well,' says I, 'I reckon this is about as much stock-puff as the KNICKERBOCKER'll stand for one number any how. Folks only need be put in mind of it, after all.'

'Great snakes!' says Hiram. 'I believe he's going to pay me up for bantering his confounded old stock, by showing me up and all I've been saying in that blessed old pillory of a Magazine. Look out, Batchelder, he's dangerous!'

And with this we put on our *chappose* and vamosed. There was a grand dinner that afternoon up at the Astor, in which all hands—Amelia and the Boutards, Hiram and Sam, were '*in*,' and more good old stories of good old times were brought *out* than you could shake a stick at. It was one of the times such as we read of—a regular Thanks-giving made perfect—a bender of friendship preserved in the syrup of pleasant recollections, and made lively with the strong spirit of merriment. And, so far, Hiram has a way of dating recent occurrences from 'that dinner where we first saw SAM.'

A N N E T T E .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

COME, ANNETTE,
 Sit upon the sofa near me,
 Closer, love, you need not fear me,
 Do not pout, but only hear me:
 I will tell you what I heard
 Yester-night
 From a little singing bird,
 Or a fairy, or a sprite,
 In the meadow dewy-wet
 Where I love to go a-roaming
 When the day is done,
 In the gloaming,
 Languor-laden,
 While the blushing twilight lingers,
 Like a coy and bashful maiden,
 As the eve with wanton fingers
 Gathers up the glowing tresses of the sun.

There, ANNETTE,
 Sat this bird or sprite or fay,
 Perched upon a swaying spray,
 Furled his tiny wings of jet,
 Drooped his ruby-crested head
 On his breast of ruddy flame,
 Then looked up and sang or said,
 Sweetly, sadly, some one's name,
 ANNETTE !

'Ah ! ANNETTE ! thou wandering fairy !
 Tell me whither dost thou stray ?
 In what secret region tarry
 Far away ?
 Very sad and very weary,
 I thy fairy lover,
 Follow thee the wide world over,
 Seeking vainly to discover
 Thee, of fairy-land the pet,
 From my gaze forever hiding,
 Sweet ANNETTE,
 Now so long with mortals biding,
 Sixteen summers from our side,
 From us yet,
 Now perhaps a mortal's bride,
 Lost ANNETTE !'

Up in anger then I started :
 'Get thee gone, thou saucy sprite !
 Vanish, thou presuming elf !
 I have kissed her lips to-night,
 I myself !'
 And the fairy bird departed,
 Heavy-winged and heavy-hearted.

Ah! ANNETTE!
Now I know your wickedness,
And whence came your weird art,
Coaxing, shrinking, glancing, smiling,
All your manifold beguiling,
Such as I can ne'er express,
Such as I can ne'er forget,
Luring lovers to distress;
Now I know how you could get
My wild heart
Tangled in the meshes of a net:
Yes, ANNETTE!

Washington, (D. C.)

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

AN IMPORTANT STEP.

FINDING that no amount of patience, perseverance, long-suffering, or forbearance, no incitement by examples, no representation of the pleasures of knowledge, could induce my pupils to make a single effort to walk in its flowery paths, and experience the advantages cultivation could bestow, I resolved to give up the attempt. It was a labor which had no reward, and sooner or later it must be evident that there were no fruits, which must be owing to the incapacity of her who taught, or of those who pretended to learn. But how was it possible to tell parents that their children were incapable of learning; or, being too vicious or too indolent for application, were equally beyond the reach of human effort? If there had been any harmony between those who guided the household, there might have been some hope; but the severity of one led to the injudicious leniency of the other, and faults which would prove their destruction if permitted to go unchecked, were studiously concealed to save them from the effects of unbridled passion of the other. The one set an undue value upon acquirements which the other looked upon as useless; and while one was enjoining upon them diligence, and offering every aid and reward to incite them to earnest effort, the other was sneering at learning and the learned, and lending her influence and the practice of every art to free them from restraint and preserve them from the consequences of disobedience. How could there be any hope of reconciling such jarring elements? — and equally impossible would it be for an honest mind to remain in a position which imposed dissimulation and involved false pretences.

Beside this, as great as was the appreciation Monsieur had of knowledge, it was not less so of all that was good for the nourishing of the body, and the preparation of which was Madam's great aversion. She wished, therefore, that whoever initiated the children into the myste-

ries of knowledge, should, when not thus employed, devote her time to initiating servants into the mysteries of cooking, doing up sweetmeats, seeing to wardrobes, and similar trifling labors that were necessary to the keeping of the head of the family in good-humor, and which she had neither the taste nor knack of doing. Knowing how useful those are often expected to make themselves who are 'treated like one of the family' in such positions, it had been one of the stipulations in my contract, that the school-room was to be my only scene of labor. But though well understood, it was not the less a disappointment to Madam, on whom were heaped all the reproaches when things were not done. There were plenty of servants, but Monsieur insisted that English matrons carried the keys of their several larders and laundries at their girdles, and silver and china should on no occasion be trusted to menials ; but he did not seem to realize the difference between the duties of her who has domestics who are part of the household, attached and faithful, and the inefficient, ignorant, unreliable help, changed every month, which constitutes the corps which an American woman must marshal into service and drill to order. He did not realize either the infinite difference between a woman who has all her life been accustomed to an establishment where the 'go and he goeth, and come and he cometh' there are none to dispute, and her who has been accustomed to the humble requirements of poverty, and not till age has subdued her enthusiasm, and sickness paralyzed her limbs, is called upon to assume the direction and superintend the appointments of a palace. I pitied her but could not help her. I began to lose my zeal for doing good, and to think the world might as well wag its own way. My labors had in them no pleasure because I accomplished nothing ; yet I had received benefit, because I had been diverted from one course of thought to another. 'Misery loves company,' and however miserable one may be, I had found that there was no danger of being alone in it, and there is an endless variety. I had seen abundant evidence to convince me that fortune or misfortune might have placed me in a condition to me more unendurable than any I had experienced.

The suffering caused by the separation and absence of those we love is not so great as that caused by the presence of those we hate ; and quite impossible it seems to be, for two persons who love each other in youth, to be at all certain that a few years will not find them so dissimilar, developed by circumstances, that hatred takes the place of love. I could now pray fervently : 'May God tear every object of affection from my heart, rather than permit me to become the life-companion of one from whom my soul shrinks.'

In my daily walks I had met almost every day a poorly-clad, delicate, melancholy creature, whom the children called Crazy Nell, and at whose name all sneered as at something it was contamination to behold. I had asked her history, but could learn nothing but that she had been a woman of bad reputation, and was now partially if not wholly deranged. She lived in a little hut, if the shelter she had made for herself deserved even this dignified appellation, which nestled beneath a huge rock and over-hanging tree, half-a-mile from any house, at the foot of a little hill. There was only one room, a cot, and a few of the simplest

utensils required to prepare food for human beings. The materials for her repasts she begged, never allowing herself the luxury of a meal at the tables of her benefactors, and never asking any thing better than the crumbs which fell from rich men's tables, and which were usually not so good as those they threw to their dogs. She was harmless, so that even little children did not run at her coming, but stopped to listen to her murmurings, which were incessant, whether she sat alone in her cell or hurried through the streets, seemingly indifferent to all whom she met or who passed her on the way. Her figure was slight, and there were still upon her features traces of a beauty which it was not difficult to imagine had caused her ruin.

We had noticed that every day, whatever the state of the weather, and however long her walk of necessity, she did not return without prolonging it by turning aside from the common street, and pursuing a winding path, that as far as our eye could see, led only to a solitary wild, and from which she always came back with more hurried step, and wild gesticulations that indicated a spirit in no wise calmed by what she had seen or heard. Curiosity led us to follow her one day, and learn what could be the one only object of interest to a being so forlorn. We saw it, but to us it indicated nothing, being a large white house, evidently the residence of a gentleman of fortune, and whom, on inquiry, we found to be a respected magistrate, holding honorable office under government. Nell did not enter the dwelling, but first walked around it, and then seating herself beneath an arched window, leaned her elbows upon her knees, and her face upon her hands in moody silence for an hour. The caprices of those whom reason has deserted need not surprise, but one could scarcely help the supposition that there must be a cause beside madness for so methodical a caprice as this. Of an old lady, who was neither peasant, serf, nor servant, at whose cottage we often rested and drank a glass of milk, we learned the secret. Poor Nell was not so crazed that wrong was effaced from her memory, or revenge from her settled purposes.

'Poor Nell!' said the old lady, 'her story is like hundreds of others, except perhaps that insanity saved her from sinking into the depths of vice and degradation. She was once betrothed to the worthy magistrate who flourishes unrebuked in yonder villa. He cruelly betrayed the trust she reposed in him, and deserted her. They then lived in a distant part of the country, which he immediately left, hoping to be free from the danger of meeting her. But she traced his steps, after wandering in bewilderment several years; and when she found him, the law and a solemn ceremony had pronounced another his wife, and both were equally honored and respected, notwithstanding his crimes. She was at first wild with rage, but still possessed of sufficient reason to understand that the only alternative for her was submission, and to make an effort to subdue her anger. For years she has been as you see her, but the daily visit which you noticed has never been omitted, and had for its first object to humble her whom she considered the usurper of her rightful position.

'But the lawful wife is a woman who has no sympathies for the wrongs of woman, and feels only contempt for those who are wronged.

She knew the story, and had not the less respect for her husband, and would have married him all the same had there been a hundred to surround her dwelling with the wailings of despair. Nell was mistaken in thinking her miseries would add a bitter drop to the cup of her rival, for she had not the sensibility to suffer from wounded pride. She at first exclaimed, in her proud rectitude, that 'the vile creature ought to be sent to the hospital or the work-house, and not be allowed to offend the presence of virtuous wives and daughters : ' but the story had become old, and she had become accustomed to her strange freaks, so that now she sometimes sends her bread, of which the poor creature knows not the source ; otherwise she would trample it under her feet. This is the way of the world,' said my friend. 'It is eighteen hundred years since CHRIST came into the world to set a perfect example to men, and though one of His most conspicuous deeds of mercy was to pardon and bless a Magdalen, there has not been a single instance yet in which this example has been followed in the true spirit of HIM who said : *'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.'* It was HE, too, who went among mechanics and fishermen, and chose for his companions the humble dwellers in cottages, and for the objects of his compassion those who were afflicted with leprosy and blindness, and all manner of diseases, and who said, When you make a feast, go out into the highways and hedges and bring in the poor, the halt, and the lame ; but who of all those who profess to be His disciples, give feasts, and clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, ever deemed it their duty to go and do likewise ? It is a strange world, and will never get righted in my day.'

I was learning that it was a strange world. Some new phase was developed every day, but I was not permitted to learn in this sphere any longer, and I was not compelled to the necessity of making known the resolution I had formed, or definitely stating the useless nature of my labors. I was suddenly stupefied by the announcement that my father was at the point of death. A paralysis, or some affection of the heart, had in an instant deprived him of the power of motion and the knowledge of what was passing about him. I was encouraged to hope if I came immediately I might find him alive, but his days were numbered. Without stopping for an hour's rest in travelling a day and two nights, I reached home and found myself at the bed of death. No sign of life returned after the first moment of prostration, and only a slight pulsation indicated the presence of the spirit till it took its flight a few moments before I arrived. What would I not have given for one word from those pale, cold lips — one look from those glazed and colorless eyes. That they had scarcely ever looked upon me but in sternness was now forgotten, and I pressed my lips to the icy brow, upon which the hot tears fell and rolled off as from a marble statue. I had never seen that form even in the repose of sleep. What a transition ! I had seen him last in the vigor and stature of health, and now cold and lifeless in shroud and winding-sheet. It seemed like a terrible dream, and I moved about scarcely less cold and dead myself. Then followed the coffin and the solemn train, accompanied by the pomp and parade which custom bids attend on grief, and I was again alone with the past and its weight of woes, the present and its poignant suffering, and

the future more dark and fearful in its void, like a chasm over which one must walk without seeing a foot-hold or distinguishing its boundary.

When pecuniary matters became the subject of investigation, there was revealed a fearful tale of speculations and losses, and death had probably been caused by sudden reverses and fear of approaching ruin. Man's disappointments are different from those of woman, and often more fatal, for his stern nature does not bend to the blow, but breaks. We cannot say we consider this a misfortune.

My own little fund was safe, though I had never till then known where it was deposited. The quarterly payment had never failed to reach me on the very day and hour it was due, and this was all which it was necessary for me to know. Not a single form of business had ever been taught me, but this I could easily learn, and I had enough to enable me to live, with the economy which had been the most thorough lesson of my life, and therefore would not now become a new affliction.

At present I could not form plans, and the good old lady who fulfilled her promise of giving me no care, seemed scarcely to regret an event that compelled me to become her companion.

We soon settled quietly into our old ways with this important difference, that I was now sole arbitrator. The cottage, the garden, and green hill-side were mine to till and adorn, and though put in possession of it by a sad calamity, I could not help feeling, how sweet is liberty ! But it did not overcome the other longing of planning and executing. I still found myself unable to be content with the life of the lilies of the field, which take no thought for the morrow. To eat, and drink, and clothes for the body, are called the absolute wants of nature, but there is another not less absolute in all natures richly endowed with vitality, and this is activity. I had more than ever before food for reflection, for I had seen the world, and from my description of it, Aunt Ida was sure I ought never to want to see any more. 'How could any body ever want to live among such wicked folks ?'

Alas ! I did not dare to reveal to her my psychological state, for she would have concluded I had 'taken unto myself seven devils worse than the first,' and consequently resolve to flee from my presence.

The neighbors 'wondered I had not picked up some body' in my wanderings who was willing to take me for better or for worse ; that so likely and capable a girl had not got married before now, was really a mystery ; only that she was remarkably plain, and now that she was getting along in years, it was n't likely she ever would. One old lady had 'heern tell that she had been kind o' disappointed,' and another had been told that she had wanted some body once that she could n't get, and all in solemn conclave had wondered how any woman could be guilty of such a thing ; for their parts, they thought girls better wait till they're asked. I had plenty of documentary evidence to prove that this had been my policy decidedly, and that all their guessing and conjecturing were not at all to the point, but did not choose to avail myself of my abundant means of defence, for I should thereby have deprived them of a great source of entertainment, and had there not been another sufficiently conspicuous to interest their benevolence and enlist their sympathies in behalf of her happiness for life, there would have been an

utter dearth of material for gossip, the only spice they had for their dull lives.

Still I did persist in a general way after the fashion of all damsels that 'I remained single from choice,' that 'I had had ever so many offers,' and 'could be married any time,' but preferred to be independent, a life which no woman in the world ever preferred; and this persistency very much resembled that of gentlemen who assert with such pertinacity that they were never refused, when one may be sure they have grown quite irritable under the very recent depreciation of their charms. But I have always noticed that the third refusal invested them with a very interesting tinge of humility, a virtue which nature seems to have denied them, while lavishing others in such profusion; and by this new acquisition they are compensated for the loss of any amount of conceit, which led them to imagine that the only answer to a certain interesting question which they alone are permitted to propound, is: 'Yes, I thank you!'

But it was true all this time, dear reader, though I have not shared with you this confidence, that some body had desired to pick me up and appropriate me; but while I was diverted and employed, I was not disposed to dwell upon the proposition, however honorable and eligible it might be. It was a proposition of marriage from one who did not dally with sentiment, and who had very little understanding of the love which seemed to me absolutely necessary in such a contract. He was a widower, and had been a kind husband, it was said by those who had known him; he wanted a wife and could offer her a home, an establishment even; he wanted a mother for his orphan children, and a lady to make cheerful his cheerless abode. That he would not take 'No' for an answer, and preferred his loneliness unless it could be relieved by me! began to have its effect upon my heart, especially now that my own loneliness began to be oppressive. I at length consented to think seriously of the matter, and alas! for the citadel when the garrison consents to a parley!

The symptoms that my mind was not in its usual state of imperturbability began to be apparent, and Aunt Ida began again to be seriously troubled. She received answers which in no manner corresponded with her questions, and was called upon to eat compounds which were not at all palatable, where I had used salt for sugar and forgot the saleratus. The hems of her sheets were half upon the wrong side and half upon the right, and tea and gravy often 'ruined her clean table-cloth.'

'Why, I never saw any body grow so stupid,' she exclaimed; 'some kind of brain disorder must be coming on.' She did not know that the disorder lay deeper, and there had been no visible signs by which she could judge. 'Nobody had come to marry and nobody had come to woo,' and she did not seem to think that there were other ways of 'bringing things about,' than by talking. But we were too good friends for me to allow her long to remain in ignorance of my plans, and from the advice she had given me long before on a similar occasion, I had no doubt of her approval. What was my surprise then, at her consternation and evident displeasure, when I made known to her, not the certainty, but possibility of my accepting the new life which was offered.

'Yes,' she said, 'go through the swamp and take a crooked stick at last.'

'Why, Aunt Ida, in the first place I have never been through the swamp, and then how can you tell whether I am taking a crooked stick or not?'

'An old widower with half-a-dozen children,' she contemptuously murmured. 'I would wait a good while before I undertook to take care of other folks' children.'

'Oh! not half-a-dozen! only two,' I said; 'and the poor things need some body to take care of them. Why not I as well as any body, seeing I have nothing better to do?'

'He is old enough to be your father.'

'Well, I am no longer young; and 'when ladies are getting advanced' you know 'they must not be so particular.' I am tired living here in this dull way with nothing to do.'

'Nothing to do. I'm sure you keep busy all the time; and it's no duller now than it always was, when you seemed contented enough, and might have done better too!'

'We should probably disagree in our definition of *better*, and I certainly disagree with most of the world about the meaning of *well*. But I wish something to do that will exercise my mind as well as my hands. It is very foolish and wicked, I know, not to be content. There are hundreds who envy me, and who think my life is only another name for bliss. But I am not content, therefore it is useless to fold my hands and cry 'peace.' I am almost envying those who live in the midst of revolutions, who are called upon to be martyrs, for it seems to me any species of torture would be sweeter than stagnation.'

'In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.'

'All that is very well for men,' persisted my good friend, 'but what have women to do with being heroes? Such a fuss as there is now-a-days about doing good. There was no such parade in my day, and I do not see as the world is any better now than it was then.'

'Perhaps not; but it might be, if we were all set fairly to work, though I have begun to doubt whether society, with all its machinery has improved at all upon humanity in a state of nature. But here we are, and must make the best of it. I cannot very well go to the wilderness, so I think I will accept this opportunity of going to the city. By-and-by you will perhaps take a fit to leave me, and then I shall be indeed alone.'

'It is no matter about my being left alone, I suppose.' And I saw the tears trickle slowly down her cheek.

I understood now the secret of her dissatisfaction, and quickly exclaimed: 'O my dear Aunt Ida! how can you dream of being left here? Wherever I go you shall accompany me.'

'No,' she said, she should never know how to get along with those mincing city folks, and wondered how I could want to live among 'em, and she was sure I should some day be sorry.

‘But, Aunt Ida, what shall I do here when I get old and can’t take care of myself?’

‘Why, do as others have done; people have lived and grown old before now.’

It was useless to contend, and so I kept silence, and perhaps if they were present to argue the matter, I should find it as difficult to reconcile in the minds of my readers, this seeming business way of settling a question upon which I have previously discoursed so differently.

I laid bare once the recesses of my heart; it is not necessary to do it again. Its great want was love, this alone could fill the vacuum. The want of the mind was activity. I had not resolved upon a change so important without believing that I was securing food for both. To have gone through life, living upon a remembrance, which could henceforth have little more reality than a dream, would have been more like a heroine, and very beautiful in the eyes of those who had only to look on and pronounce judgment; but I had seen those who grew old upon dreams, upon remembrances, and who wished that before it was too late they had secured for themselves something more substantial. If I had possessed any talent which would have secured to me activity, I might have tried to stifle the hungering of the heart by increasing the exercise of the mind and body; but, I had not, or if I had, it had never been developed till it was now too late. If I had possessed money I might have chosen to acquire the title of Lady Bountiful, and by doing good to others, forget that I needed to be ministered unto; but money I had not, and for these reasons and for the more important one that I believed I was to be happy in the giving and receiving of a love which would satisfy the soul, I resolved upon accepting the more humble title of Lady W——, and the position which would require of me to perform the difficult duties of second wife and step-mother!

So, by degrees, my good friend became accustomed to the idea, and the busy days of preparation commenced. But now I manifested no propensity to sew seams wrong side up or inside out. The squares in the bed-quilt all matched delightfully, and the roses and tulips in the white spread stood out so life-like one was ready to pluck them. The salt and sugar and saleratus were exactly proportioned in the cake, and it came out of the oven light as a feather. The flowers were properly trained in the garden-patch, and above all, I was astonished to see how amiable I grew all at once! It is exceedingly wicked, say the cynics, to be better and kinder when one is happy than when one is not, yet it is almost impossible not to be. ‘We should rise above the influence of circumstances,’ says the theologian, ‘and control them instead of allowing them to control us.’ ‘Whatever may happen we should be bright and cheerful, and resigned;’ but alas! for poor human nature: ‘it is more easily said than done.’ I have seen very nice people, but it is only in books that we have perfect ones. Those interesting ‘Diaries,’ which are ‘written only for the fire,’ but some how never get burned till they have been published to all the world, are the only records we have of ‘faultless monsters which the world never saw.’

The neighbors ‘hoped I was not going to throw myself away,’ and presumed ‘I should have done full as well if I had n’t waited so long in

hopes to do better.' They were horrified that I should 'marry an old man for his money,' and 'guessed I would have a time of it when I got to be step-mother,' and said it all with something that looked very like spite, had it been possible for people exceeding the Pharisees in righteousness to harbor any thing so unchristian.

It had troubled them so much that I was 'getting along in years,' with no prospect, that they could see, of any such good fortune, that I confidently expected their warmest congratulations when they should learn that I was not doomed to a life which they deemed, if one might judge from their words, entirely without honor and almost disgraceful. It was a painful proof of friendship, and taught me another lesson in my study of humanity. But I was now so happy that what would once have been looked upon as mountains were converted into mole-hills, and I could smile complaisantly upon those who I knew were hoping my happiness would speedily be turned to misery. There was one who appreciated me, and as to the rest of the world, it was all the same to me whether they did or not. The time and the event were hastening that would take me forever from their vicinity.

I had determined to rent the cottage because I did not forget that calamity might overtake me in the midst of prosperity, and it would be a pleasant feeling to be sure of this little refuge, too insignificant for the rains and the floods to beat upon and destroy.

There was no need of great preparation, and I had no fancy for parade. It was ever mysterious to me how, at a wedding or a funeral, people could wish to become the objects for the gaze of the staring crowd. The solemnity is about the same at the one as at the other, and when one is solemn one cannot help wishing to be alone. It was an innovation upon country fashions to be quietly married and quietly depart, and did not serve to conciliate those who would have been very good friends in adversity, but had no sympathy with prosperity.

But I persevered in my resolution to give no food for gossip; what they said of me and my *trousseau*, of my blushes, or my pallor at the altar, of the prospect of my being 'loved and cherished,' and the amount of obedience which would probably be required of me, they must imagine and manufacture. A June morning was appointed for the bridal, and the bridegroom arrived only the preceding evening. I arose early to listen to the birds, and rambled late to talk with the flowers. I went once more alone to the little grave on which I had shed so many tears, and watered again the violets and daisies which covered it in beautiful profusion. How many ties there were to sever; how dear was every tree and twig and bending blade.

Then the room in which I had held so many sweet and solemn vigils, in the shadow of the great elm, through whose branches I must watch, for the last time, the struggling moon-beams that seemed to me almost to have life and sympathy. I was ready to embrace the naked walls, to whom I had poured out my heart and been comforted, though they could not answer. The little table had soothed my aching head, when rent with anguish, and was sole confidant of the sighs I breathed and the burning tears I shed. The little drawer, with its magic

key, had been the depository of every letter, speaking with 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' and had never revealed my secrets. I had never learned to lisp the sacred name of mother, but it was here she gave me life, and I had never ceased to believe a ministering spirit had watched over her orphan child. How my soul clung to every object on which she had gazed, and again and again I knelt where I knew her heart was wont to pour out its agony. No sleep came to my eyes during all the watches of the night, and it was well that there were no unpitying eyes to bear witness to the grief I could not conceal, the bitterness with which I said farewell forever.

FALLING IN AND FALLING OUT.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

When autumn winds were sighing,
And autumn leaves were rosy,
And the year was dying, dying,
'T was then I met with JOSEY !

Her hair was soft and brown,
And her voice was sweet and low :
Her words were flocks of singing birds
That fluttered to-and-fro !
She was just the daintiest gipsy
A mortal man could know !

When autumn winds were sighing,
And autumn leaves were rosy,
And the year was dying, dying,
I fell in love with JOSEY.

I would I had not met her !
I would I could forget her :
For 't is saddening to remember
The russet woodland places
We haunted in November,
And to think how cold her face is,
Now I meet her in December !

When autumn winds were sighing,
And autumn leaves were rosy,
And the year was dying, dying,
Then I fell out with JOSEY !

G O L D D U S T .

Oh! the sunny hours of boyhood !
Do you ever now remember
The long days in our old homestead by that northern river's shore,
The wide hall hung with antlers,
The low rooms decked with pictures,
And that watching mother, leaning o'er the old half-opened door ?

Then the garden, all box-bordered,
Where the guelder-roses blossomed,
And the tulips ranged in order, flaunted in the sun-shine gay ;
I have crossed the golden tropics,
But no groves of orange blossoms
Ever bore the fragrance breathing round those flower-beds far away.

And the arbor by the river,
With the spreading chestnut o'er it,
Where we sheltered from the sun-beams in the hottest of the day,
To read o'er some olden legend,
Or some wild and wondrous fable,
Some tale of love or sorrow that for years had passed away.

And thou, fair and stately HELEN !
With those large eyes filled with weeping,
Think you ever of that garden, and the river sweeping by ?
How we acted those old stories ?
Some were heroes, some were victims ;
But the lover and the loving, they were always you and I !

Now our arbor was a palace,
And you a sleeping beauty,
And I a brave prince waiting for a glance from that dark eye
Now it was a rock uprising,
With the wild sea-surges dashing,
And you were ANDROMEDA with your white arms tossing high !

Then a gayer legend taking,
You were ARIADNE straying,
When the tide beneath the alders left the sands all red and bare ;
Not like ARIADNE sighing,
But like ARIADNE smiling,
With the purple clusters clinging all about your shining hair.

Now I waken in the mid-night,
In a land more wild and wondrous
Than any that we read of in those legends strange and old ;
And from my tent I listen
To the rippling of the waters
Of a river whose bright current rushes over sands of gold.

But you light another's dwelling,
Another's child caressing,
And what care I for the treasure I have gathered all too late !
'T will not buy me back my boyhood,
'T will not bring the lost and loving ;
For the full and perfect meeting I can only trust and wait !

H. L. P.

THE EASTERLY WIND.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

I.

I DREAD the bleak wind —
The heart-cutting wind !
That blows from the sun-rising quarter,
And sweeps o'er the land
With a double-edged brand,
And marking its track-way by slaughter.

II.

The pulse of the sick
Grows fevered and quick,
And the time of his parting draws nearer,
As leaving behind
The storm and the wind,
His glimpses of heaven are clearer.

III.

His sensitive frame,
Like a flickering flame,
Or the tremulous leaf of the aspen,
Feels the change of an hour,
And, smit by its power,
The victim is helpless and gasping.

IV.

The sturdy and strong,
Who think to live long,
And dreams of delight vainly cherish,
Turning mortally pale
In the poisonous gale,
Like frost-bitten flowers soon perish.

V.

Oh ! I dread that bleak wind,
That deadly east wind !
It robs me of friend and of neighbor :
They fall to the ground
Ere summer comes round,
And lonely I 'm left in my labor.

VI.

Pray, pray not to die
When the chill breezes fly
On the wings of the storm from the east ;
But in Nature's sweet prime,
The soft autumn-time,
Then, then be our spirits released.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Exordium — Vague rumors of Nova Scotia — A fortnight upon Salt Water — Interesting Sketch of the Atlantic — Halifax! Determine to stay in the Province — Province Building and Pictures — Coast Scenery — Liberty in Language and Aspirations of the People — Evangeline and Relics of Acadia — Market Place — The Encampment at Point Pleasant — Kissing Bridge — The 'Himalaya' — A Sabbath in a Garrison Town — Grand Celebration of the Peace, and Natal Day of Halifax — And a Hint of a Visit to Chezzetcook.

It is pleasant to visit Nova Scotia in the month of June. Pack up your flannels and your fishing tackle, leave behind you your prejudices and your summer clothing, take your trout-pole in one hand and a copy of Haliburton's History in the other, and step on board a Cunarder at Boston. In thirty-six hours you are in the loyal little province, and above you floats the red flag and the cross of St. George. My word for it, you will not regret the trip.

That the idea of visiting Nova Scotia ever struck any living person as something peculiarly pleasant and cheerful, is not within the bounds of probability. Very rude people are wont to speak of Halifax in connection with the name of a place that is never alluded to in polite society, except by clergymen. As for the rest of the Province, there are certain vague rumors of extensive and constant fogs, but nothing more. The land is a sort of terra incognita. Many take it to be a part of Canada, and others firmly believe it is somewhere in Newfoundland.

In justice to Nova Scotia, it is proper to state that the Province is a Province by itself; that it hath its own Governor and Parliament, and its own proper, and copper currency. How I chanced to go there was altogether a matter of destiny. It was a severe illness, a gastric disorder of the most obstinate kind that cast me upon its balmy shores. One day, after a protracted relapse, as I was creeping feebly along Broadway, sunning myself, whom should I meet but St. Leger, my friend. 'You look pale,' said St. Leger. To which I replied by giving him a full, complete, and accurate history of my ailments, after the manner of valetudinarians. 'Why do you not try change of air?' he asked, and then briskly added: 'you could spare a couple of weeks or so, could you not, to go to the Springs?' 'I could,' said I feebly. 'Then,' said St. Leger, 'take the two weeks, but do not go to the Springs. Spend your fortnight on the salt-water — get out of sight of land — that is the thing for you.' And so, shaking my hand warmly, St. Leger passed on and left me to my reflections.

A fortnight upon salt water? Whither? Cape Cod at once loomed up; Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard! 'And why not the Bermudas?'

said a voice within me ; ' the enchanted Islands of Prospero, and Ariel and Miranda ; the still-vexed Bermoothes, of Shakspeare, and Raleigh, and Irving ? ' And echo answered : ' Why not ? ' It is but a day-and-a-half to Halifax ; thence by a British mailer across to those neighboring isles. Say a week on the salt-water and you are amid the magnificent scenery of the Tempest. ' A fortnight ? ' said I. ' I will take a month for it ; ' and in less than a week I was bidding farewell to some dear friends at East-Boston wharf as Captain Lang, of the ' Canada,' in a very briny voice, shouted out : ' Let go the starboard bow chain. Go slow.'

It would be presumptuous in me to speak of the Atlantic, from the limited acquaintance I had with it. The note-book of an invalid for two days at sea, with a heavy ground swell, and the wind in the most favorable quarter, can scarcely be attractive. As the breeze freshened, and the tars of old England ran aloft, to strip from the black sails the wrappers of white canvas that had hid them when in port ; and as these leathern, bat-like pinions spread out on each side of the funnel, there was a moment's glimpse of the picturesque ; but it was a glimpse only, and no more. One does not enjoy at first the rise and dip of the bow of a steamer, however graceful it may be in the abstract. To be sure there were some things else interesting. For instance, three brides aboard ! And one of them lovely enough to awaken interest on sea or land, in any body, but a Halifax passenger. I hope those fair ladies have had a pleasant tour, one and all, and that the view they have had of the great world, so early in life, will make them more contented with that minor world, henceforth to be within the limits of their dominion. Lullaby to the young wives ! there will be rocking enough anon.

' And this is Halifax ? ' said I, as that quaint, mouldy old town poked its wooden gables through the fog of the second morning. ' This is Halifax ? This the capital of Nova Scotia ? This the city that harbored those loyal heroes of the Revolution who gallantly and gayly fought, and bled, and ran for their king ? Ah ! you brave old Tories ; you staunch upholders of the crown ; cavaliers without ringlets or feathers, russet boots, or steeple-crown hats, it seems as if you were still hovering over this venerable tabernacle of seven hundred gables, and wreathing each particular ridge-hole, pigeon-hole and shingle with a halo of fog.

It was an inspiring morning, that which I met upon the well-docked shores of Halifax, and although the side-walks of the city were neither bricked nor paved with flags, and the middle street was in its original and aboriginal clay, yet there was novelty in making its acquaintance.

There were a few vehicles on the wharf for the accommodation of strangers ; square, black, funereal-like, wheeled sarcophagii, eminently suggestive of burials and crape. Of course I did not ride in one on account of unpleasant associations, but placing my trunk in charge of a cart-boy with a long-tailed dray and a diminutive pony, I walked through the silent streets toward ' The Waverley.' Every body was asleep in that early fog, and when every body woke up it was done so quietly that the change was scarcely apparent.

But the 'Merlin,' British mailer, is to sail at noon for the Shakspeare Island, and breakfast must be discussed, and then once more I am with you, my anti-billious ocean. It chanced, however, I heard at breakfast, that the 'Curlew,' the mate of the 'Merlin,' had been lost a short time before at sea, and as there was but one, and not two steamers on the route, so that I would be detained longer with Prospero and Miranda than might be comfortable in the approaching hot weather, it came to pass that I had reluctantly to forego the projected voyage, and anchor my trunk of tropical clothing in room Number Twenty, Hotel Waverley. Let the 'Merlin' sail ! I will visit, instead of those *Islas Encantadas*, 'The Acadian land on the shore of the Basin of Minas.' Let the 'Merlin' sail ! I will see the ruined walls of Louisburgh, and the harbors that once sheltered the Venetian sailor, Cabot. 'Let her sail !' said I, and when the morn passed I saw her slender thread of smoke far off on the glassy ocean, without a sigh of regret, and resolutely turned my face from the promised palms to welcome the sturdy pines of the province.

The city and hill of Halifax rises proudly from its wharfs and shipping in a multitude of mouse-colored wooden houses, until it is crowned by the citadel. As it is a garrison town as well as a naval station, you meet in the streets red-coats and blue-jackets without number ; yonder, with a brilliant staff, rides the Governor, Sir John Gaspard le Marchant, and here, in a carriage, is Admiral Fanshawe, C. B., of the 'Boscawen' Flag-ship. Every thing is suggestive of impending hostilities ; war, in burnished trappings, encounters you at the street corners, and the air vibrates from time to time with bugles, fifes, and drums. But oh ! what a slow place it is ! Even two Crimean regiments with medals and decorations could not wake it up. The little old houses seem to look with wondrous apathy as these pass by, as though they had given each other a quiet nudge with their quaint old gables, and whispered : 'Keep still !'

I wandered up and down those old streets in search of something novel and picturesque, but in vain ; there was scarcely any thing remarkable to arrest or interest a stranger. Such, too, might have been the appearance of other places I wot of, if those staunch old loyalists had had their way in the days gone by !

The Province House, which is built of a sort of yellow sand-stone, with pillars in front, and trees around it, is a well-proportioned building, with an air of great solidity and respectability. There are in it very fine full-lengths of King George II. and Queen Caroline, and two full-lengths of King George III. and Queen Charlotte ; a full-length of Chief-Justice Haliburton, by West, and another full-length of another Chief-Justice, in a red robe and a formidable wig. Of these portraits, the two first-named are the most attractive ; there is something so gay and festive in the appearance of King George II. and Queen Caroline, so courtly and sprightly, so graceful and amiable, that one is tempted to exclaim : 'Bless the painter ! what a genius he had !'

And now, after taking a look at Dalhousie College with the parade in front, and the square town-clock, built by his graceless Highness the Duke of Kent, let us climb Citadel Hill, and see the formidable protector of town and harbor. Lively enough it is, this great stone fortress, with

its soldiers, swarming in and out like bees, and the glimpses of country and harbor are surpassingly beautiful ; but just at the margin of this slope below us, is the street, and that dark fringe of tenements skirting the edge of this green glacis is, I fear me, filled with vicious inmates. Yonder, where the blackened ruins of three houses are visible, a sailor was killed and thrown out of a window not long since, and his ship-mates burned the houses down in consequence ; there is something strikingly suggestive in looking upon this picture and on that.

But if you cast your eyes over yonder magnificent bay, where vessels bearing flags of all nations are at anchor, and then let your vision sweep past and over the islands to the outlets beyond, where the quiet ocean lies, bordered with fog-banks that loom ominously at the boundary-line of the horizon, you will see a picture of marvellous beauty ; for the coast scenery here transcends our own sea-shores, both in color and outline. And behind us again stretch large green plains, dotted with cottages, and bounded with undulating hills, with now and then glimpses of blue water ; and as we walk down Citadel Hill, we feel half-reconciled to Halifax, its queer little streets, its quaint, mouldy old gables, its soldiers and sailors, its fogs, cabs, penny and half-penny tokens, and all its little, odd, outlandish peculiarities. Peace be with it ! after all, it has a quiet charm for an invalid !

The inhabitants of Halifax exhibit no trifling degree of freedom in language for a loyal people ; they call themselves 'Halligonions.' This title, however, is sometimes pronounced 'Alligonians,' by the more rigid, as a mark of respect to the old country. But innovation has been at work even here, for the majority of Her Majesty's subjects aspire the letter H. Alas for innovation ! who knows to what results this trifling error may lead ? When Mirabeau went to the French court without buckles in his shoes, the barriers of etiquette were broken down, and the Swiss Guards fought in vain.

There is one virtue in humanity peculiarly grateful to an invalid ; to him most valuable, by him most appreciated, namely, hospitality. And that the 'Alligonions' are a kind and good people, abundant in hospitality, let me attest. One can scarcely visit a city occupied by those whose grandsires would have hung your rebel grandfathers (if they had caught them) without some misgivings. But I found the old tory blood of three Halifax generations, yet warm and vital, happy to accept again a rebellious kinsman, a real live Yankee, in spite of Sam Slick and the Revolution.

Let us take a stroll through these quiet streets. This is the Province House with its Ionic porch, and within it are the halls of Parliament, and offices of government. You see there is a red-coat with his sentry-box at either corner. Behind the house again are two other sentries on duty, all glittering with polished brass, and belted, gloved, and bayoneted, in splendid style. Of what use are these satellites, except to watch the building and keep it from running away ? On the street behind the Province House is Fuller's American Book-store, which we will step into, and now among these books, fresh from the teeming presses of the States, we feel once more at home. Fuller preserves his equanimity in spite of the blandishments of royalty, and once a year, on the Fourth-

of-July, hoists the stars-and-stripes, and bravely takes dinner with the United States Consul, in the midst of lions and unicorns. Many pleasant hours I passed with Fuller, both in town and country. Near by, on the next corner, is the print-store of our old friends the Wetmores, (the Williams and Stevens of Halifax,) and here one can see costly engravings of Landseer's fine pictures, and indeed whole port-folios of English art. But of all the pictures there was one, the most touching, the most suggestive ! The presiding genius of the place, the unsculptured Queen of this little realm was before me — Faed's Evangeline !

The largest settlement of the Acadians is in the neighborhood of Halifax, and in the early mornings you sometimes see a few of these people in the streets, or at the market, selling a dozen or so of fresh eggs, or a pair or two of woollen socks, almost the only articles of their simple commerce. But you must needs be early to see them ; after eight o'clock they will all have vanished. Chezzetcook, or as it is pronounced by the 'Allegonions, 'Chizzencook,' is twenty-two miles from Halifax, and as the Acadian peasant has neither horse nor mule, he or she must be off betimes to reach home before the mid-day nuncheon. A score of miles on foot is no trifle in all weathers, but Gabriel and Evangeline perform it cheerfully, and when the knitting-needle and the poultry shall have replenished their slender stock, off again they will start on their mid-night pilgrimage, that they may reach the great city of Halifax before day-break.

We must see Chezzetcook anon, gentle reader.

Let us visit the market-place. Here is Masaniello, with his fish in great profusion. Codfish, three-pence or four-pence each ; lobsters, a penny ; and salmon of immense size at six-pence a pound, (currency,) equal to a dime of our money. If you prefer trout, you must buy them of these Micmac squaws in traditional blankets, a shilling a bunch ; and you may also buy baskets of rain-bow tints from these copper ladies for a mere trifle ; and as every race has a separate vocation here, only of the negroes can you purchase berries. 'This is a busy town,' one would say, drawing his conclusion from the market-place ; for the shifting crowd, in all costumes and in all colors, Indians, negroes, soldiers, sailors, civilians, and Chizzincooks, make up a pageant of no little theatrical effect and bustle. Again, if you are still strong in limb, and ready for a longer walk, which I, leaning upon my staff, am not, we will visit the encampment at Point Pleasant. The Seventy-sixth Regiment has pitched its tents here among the ever-greens. Yonder you see the soldiers, looking like masses of red fruit amidst the spicy verdure of the spruces. Row upon row of tents, and file upon file of men standing at ease, each one before his knapsack, his little leather household, with its shoes, socks, shirts, brushes, razors, and other furniture open for inspection. And there is Sir John Gaspard le Marchant, with a brilliant staff, engaged in the pleasant duty of picking a personal quarrel with each medal-decorated hero, and marking down every hole in his socks, and every gap in his comb, for the honor of the service. And this Point Pleasant is a lovely place, too, with a broad look-out in front, for yonder lies the blue harbor and the ocean deeps. Just back of the tents is the cookery of the camp, huge mounds of loose stones, with grooves

at the top, very like the architecture of a cranberry-pie, and if the simile be an homely one, it is the best that comes to mind to convey an idea of those regimental stoves, with their seams and channels of fire, over which potatoes bubble, and roast and broiled send forth a savory odor. And here and there, wistfully regarding this active scene, amid the green shrubbery, stands a sentinel before his sentry-box, built of spruce boughs, wrought into a mimic military temple, and fanciful enough too, for a garden of roses. And look you now! If here be not Die Vernon, with 'habit, hat and feather,' cantering gayly down the road between the tents, and behind her a stately groom in gold-lace band, top-boots, and buck-skins. A word in your ear, that pleasant half-English face is the face of the Governor's daughter.

The road to Point Pleasant is a favorite promenade in the long Acadian twilights. Mid-way between the city and the Point lies 'Kissing Bridge,' which the Halifax maidens sometimes pass over. Who gathers toll nobody knows, but I thought there was a mischievous glance in the blue eyes of those passing damsels that said plainly they could tell, 'an' they would.' I love to look upon those happy, healthy English faces; those ruddy cheeks, flushed with exercise, and those well-developed forms, not less attractive because of the sober-colored dresses and brown flat hats in which, o' summer evenings, they glide toward the mysterious precincts of 'The Bridge.' What a tale those old arches could tell! Who knows?

The 'Himalaya,' Oriental screw-steamer, leaves to-morrow and we must be up betimes to see her off.

No gun broke the silence of the Sabbath morning as this giant ship moved from the Admiralty and silently furrowed her path ocean-ward. A long line of thick bituminous smoke, seen above the house-tops, was the only hint of her departure. It was a grand sight to view her vast bulk moving among the islands, almost as great as they. Less than a week ago she brought two Crimean regiments from Malta to Halifax, which, with her own complement, made twenty-five hundred souls on board. Think of this moving town; this portable village of royal belligerents, covered with glory and medals, breasting the billows! Is there not something glorious in such a spectacle? And yet I was told by a brave officer, who wore the decorations of Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol on his breast, that of his regiment, the Sixty-third, but thirty men were now living, and of the thirty, seventeen only were able to attend drill. That regiment numbered a thousand at Alma!

It is Sunday, and after looking in at the Cathedral, which does not represent the usual pomp of the Romish Church, we will visit the Garrison Chapel. A bugle call from barracks, or Citadel Hill, salutes us as we stroll toward the chapel; otherwise, Halifax is quiet as becomes the day. Presently we see the long scarlet lines approaching and the men with orderly step file into the gallery pews. Then the officers of field and line, of ordnance and commissary departments take their allotted seats below. Then the chimes cease and the service begins. Most devoutly we prayed for the Queen, and omitted the President of the United States.

As the Crimeans ebbed from the church, and floating off in the distance, wound slowly up Citadel Hill against the quiet clear summer

sky, I could not but think of these lines from Thomas Miller's 'Summer Morning' :

'A troop of soldiers pass with stately pace,
Their early music wakes the village street:
Through yon turned blinds peeps many a lovely face,
Smiling perchance unconsciously how sweet!
One does the carpet press with blue-veined feet,
Not thinking how her fair neck she exposes,
But with white foot timing the drum's deep beat;
And when again she on her pillow dozes,
Dreams how she'll dance that tune 'mong summer's sweetest roses.

'So let her dream, even as beauty should!
Let the white plumes athwart her slumbers sway!
Why should I steep their swaling snow in blood,
Or bid her think of battle's grim array?
Truth will too soon her blinding star display,
And like a fearful comet meet her eyes.
And yet how peaceful they pass on their way!
How grand the sight as up the hill they rise!
I will not think of cities reddening in the skies.'

It was my fate to see next day a great celebration. Peace having been proclaimed, all Halifax was in arms! Loyalty threw out her bunting to the breeze and fired her crackers. The civic authorities presented an address to the royal representative of her Majesty, requesting His Excellency to transmit the same to the foot of the throne. Militia-men shot off municipal cannon, bells echoed from the belfries, the shipping fluttered with signals, and Citadel Hill telegraph, in a multitude of flags, announced that ships, brigs, schooners, and steamers, in vast quantities, 'were below.' Nor was the peace alone the great feature of the holiday. The eighth of June, the natal day of Halifax, was to be celebrated also on the ninth. For Halifax was founded, so says the chronicle, on the eighth of June, 1749, by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, (not our Cornwallis,) and the 'Alligonions in consequence made a speciality of that fact once a year. And to add to the attraction the Board of Works had decided to lay the corner-stone of a Lunatic Asylum in the afternoon; so there was no end to the festivities. And, to crown all, an immense fog settled upon the city.

Leaning upon my friend Robert's arm and my staff, I went forth to see the grand review. When we arrived upon the ground in the rear of Citadel Hill, we saw the outline of something glimmering through the fog, which Robert said were shrubs, and which I said were soldiers. A few minutes' walking proved my position to be correct; we found ourselves in the centre of a three-sided square of three regiments, within which the civic authorities were loyally boring Sir John Gaspard le Marchant, and staff, to the verge of insanity with the address, which was to be laid at the foot of the throne. Notwithstanding the despairing air with which His Excellency essayed to reply to this formidable paper, I could not help enjoying the scene, and I also noted when the reply was over, and the few ragamuffins near his Excellency cheered bravely, and the band struck up the national anthem, how gravely and discreetly the rest of the 'Alligonions, in the circumambient fog, echoed the sentiment by a silence, that under other circumstances would have been disheartening. What a quiet people it is! As I said before, to make the festivities complete, in the afternoon there was a procession to lay the corner-stone of a Lunatic Asylum. But oh! how the jolly old rain

poured down upon the luckless pilgrimage ! There were the ' Virgins ' of Masonic Lodge No —, (all men by the way ;) the army Masons, in scarlet ; the African Masons, in ivory and black ; the Scotch-piper Mason, with his legs in enormous plaid trowsers, defiant of Shakspeare's theory about the sensitiveness of some men, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose ; the clerical Mason in shovel hat ; the municipal artillery ; the Sons of Temperance, and the band. Away they marched with drum and banner, key and compasses, BIBLE and sword, to Dartmouth, in great feather, for the eyes of Halifax were upon them.

To-morrow, gentle reader, if the fates permit, we shall visit Chezzet-cook. Simple Acadia, there, still survives. Among ' the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,' we shall see those peasants of Normandy, those off-shoots of the colonies planted by Henry of Navarre and Richelieu ; and whatever is note-worthy, believe me shall be faithfully recorded.

R O S A M O N D .

OH ! hand in hand with ROSAMOND,
I wandered to the dim, old wood,
When June her roses all had donned
With cooling fragrances imbued.

Her footsteps light bent not the grass,
That, daisy-dimpled at her feet,
Looked fondly up to see her pass,
Looked fondly up her glance to meet.

And still with coyness, by my side
Went ROSAMOND, without one word ;
I saw her cheeks with blushes dyed,
Her beating heart was all I heard !

The jasmine scents made sweet the air,
Its gadding beauties all a-bloom,
And tawny minstrels everywhere,
Trilled fondest songs from out the gloom.

The dewy moss was soft beneath,
The heavy shadows thick above,
While rosy lips seemed half to breathe
A response to my burning love.

And then with sudden boldness grown,
My arms entwined her, like a vine,
Whose glossy sprouts doth proudly own
Its velvet leaves and bloom divine.

Her lips' rare vintage, ripe and red,
'T was mine its freshness first to know,
While jewelled arms buoyed up the head
That rested on her bosom's snow.

Rose of *my* world, I whispered then,
Mid kisses raining fast and sweet ;
And lips drawn back only again
In dewy ecstasy to meet !

R. A. OAKES.

A H E A R T M E M O R Y .

ONE joyous summer-time I wandered,
Wandered where the fair flowers grew :
Where the earth was filled with beauty ;
Where fell soft the evening dew :

Where the hills in stately grandeur,
Reared their stern but graceful forms ;
Where the valleys, clad with verdure,
Laughed in glee at welcome storms :

Where the sun went down in glory ;
Where the evening stole apace :
Where the moon arose in silence,
Smiling on *one* lonely face.

Yes, a face so full of beauty ;
One as fair as fair could be :
Like the Morn when full of blushes,
Wandered she aside of me.

Wandered we in joy together,
O'er the hills and quiet vales :
Through the forest, through the meadows,
Ever most where beauty dwells.

Over waters calm and tranquil,
Rippled by her tiny hand,
As o'er the little skiff she dropped it,
Like a fairy's magic wand.

Glide we onward, onward, onward !
'Neath the bright and clear blue sky,
E'en the lilies' pallid faces
Seem to smile as she passed by.

Mossy seats all framed by nature,
Welcomed us to rest awhile :
And gently seated, thus together,
The rosy summer hours beguile.

In her eyes I saw reflected
All the joy that shone from mine :
Every little word she uttered,
Was a gem I would enshrine.

'Shrined they *are* in Memory's pages :
In my dreams they come anon,
Fleeting like all earthly pleasures,
Still most sweet to dream upon.

And her face — can I forget it ?
Say, will age or distance sever
Thoughts that in my heart are dwelling ?
Ah ! the wind is sighing — never !

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
But where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight,
'T is only seen by ONE
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon-form ;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride and Lust and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band ;
Yet there with an unquailing front,
Those warriors firmly stand !

Their leader is a God-like form,
Of countenance serene ;
And glowing on his naked breast
A simple *Cross* is seen.

His captains, FAITH and HOPE and LOVE,
Point to that wondrous sign :
And, gazing on it all receive
Strength from a SOURCE divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, *confide*, *endure*.

That faith sublime in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm :
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot :
The plain where carnage once had reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot :

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze — to God.

A. O'D. T

Y E W E S T E R N S T A G E .

BY L. J. BATES.

ONE morning in January I took a seat in the one-horse line of stages between this ilk and Grand Haven, having business in the latter locality, 'and thereby hangs a tale'—*my* tale. The 'stage' consisted of a rickety pair of bobs—an open box, of course—two miserably gaunt horses, and a Dutchman. The day was raw and gusty, and with the prospect of a long and tedious journey before me, an ill-humor with which I set out soon subsided into a worse taciturnity. Looking out for number one, I therefore established myself in the back seat, seized upon a double allowance of buffaloes, wrapped my shawl closely about my throat and ears, lit a segar, and prepared generally to be as disagreeable company as possible, should any one venture into very close proximity to my quarters. I was the first passenger aboard; but before we left the town the driver had picked up two rough-looking lumber-men, a sleepy, sheepish-looking lawyer, and a good-looking German girl. The damsel was the latest comer, and either that she disliked the looks of the other passengers, or that she was 'cute enough to notice my double allowance of buffaloes, she insisted upon a seat by my side, when she immediately seized upon a little more than her fair share of room and the buffaloes also. If I was cross before, this rendered me doubly so, and I puffed away in a very gloomy sort of dignity for a mile or two; but at the end of that time, I began first to console and then to congratulate myself on my luck in securing such a *compagnon du voyage*, for she 'snuggled up' without a particle of prudery and doubled the warmth of my former comfortable quarters. By the time, then, that my segar was out, I threw the stump and my ill-humor overboard together, and discovered that my partner was as pretty as she was warm.

When, therefore, I wished to renew my smoke, I drew out a second segar, and turning to her, I asked if it would be offensive, with as much good humor and politeness as though I were addressing Miss Jones; and Miss Jones, be it known, is worth a cool twenty thousand dollars in her own right—therefore Miss Jones is to be addressed with the highest respect. No, she rather liked segar-smoke; whereupon the sleepy-looking lawyer established a light at the end of a villanous long nine, determined, as he said, to 'help me gratify the lady.' I immediately set him down as an ass.

However, this little episode broke the spell of silence which had thus far pervaded the party, and we immediately fell into a general conversation, which lasted all the rest of the day.

After dinner, which we procured at the half-way-house, (a log tavern,) the weather improved, and we were all in excellent spirits, particularly the two lumber-men. One of these was generally known as 'Old Slum-keg'—a weather-beaten, jolly old rif, who told large yarns, but sturdily

refused to believe any body else, whatever were the nature of their assertions. The other was a more cross, taciturn man, with one eye always half-shut and the other squinting upward, a yellow, dry complexion, and a perpetual 'No you do n't,' for every observation that strained his credulity in the least. He was always looking out for a sell, and invariably suspected, where he could not see, a trick of some kind. His whole figure, *tout ensemble*, and countenance, was 'No you do n't,' and nothing else — so much so that his favorite aphorism had become his title. Both these two worthies were past forty, and both ignorant, rude, and conceited.

Slumkeg had with him a little yellow cur, as homely and uncouth as his master — an animal which formed 'part of his countenance' at home or abroad; and he was as proud of the vixenish, gaunt, ill-looking slut, as a man well could be. As soon, therefore, as we were well under way, he commenced a general history of the good qualities and mighty deeds of his favorite, declaring that 'This here critter can run the legs off any dog as ever stuck to a deer's tail, and she was the greatest, tallest, most 'cutest beast on a scent as was ever know'd in them woods — never was flambergasted but oncet — never!'

'That time,' he continued, 'I was bamboozled myself, and all by a confounded, sneakin' old coon, too. Tell you *now*, folks when any beast in the woods gets the start o' me and this here snorter, (nodding to the slut,) he's smart, now — do you sense that? Wall, that thar coon kept a comin' into my corn-field and smashed things for about every night nigh onto two months, and I arter him every night; but devil a chance did I get at him either. He jist made a run for a bend in the creek, where there was a log over the water, and there we always lost him, though nothin' ever got Beauty — that's the slut — off the track afore. After tryin' about twenty times and gettin' fooled, I got mad, I did, and ripped a little. My old 'oman — you see she's h — I on provokin' me — used to keep up an everlastin' pesterin' about the critter. Every time any thing went wrong she'd up and ax me if I'd sarcumbobulated that thar coon yet; and that took all the starch out o' my ideas quick, now.

'Wall, as I said, I got mad, and I swore a big oath like to myself that I'd fix that thar cussed varmint in less nor a week, or die tryin'. So I went down to the creek and took a look at things. I made up my mind that the critter always cum to the eend of the log, 'cause his tracks ended there; and that night, about ten o'clock, I went down and set traps all about the place, and then started to rout him out. Folks, you may n't believe it, but it's a fact — it did n't work!'

'No you do n't!' put in his companion, 'not by a d — d sight!'

'Dry up! you parchment-skinned, ugly-faced old rip! What in h — I do you know about varmints?'

'No-You-Do n't' was on his feet in a moment. He would have pitched into Old Slumkeg, but that a jolt of the bobs pitched him into a snow-bank by the roadside. The team was stopped, the passenger recovered, and after harmony had been, with some difficulty, restored. Slumkeg proceeded:

We routed out the tarnal critter in no time, and down he went on

the old trail to the creek, and there we lost him ag'in. How in cre-a-tion it was did, blast me if I could make out. There was the traps all right, but no coon. I jest took the slut and crossed over the creek and we hunted up and down the other bank for a mile above and below the log, but narry track did we find. Then I hunted the other side, but no better luck. Next night I tried it ag'in, and blast me if Beauty did n't get into one of the cussed traps, and like to a-sp'iled her fore leg. Here 's the scar now.

'Wall, folks, I went home and tuk sick immejetly. That thar coon troubled my mind tremenjully, and the old 'oman could n't shet her jaw for a half a day on account of it. 'You're a smart feller, you be,' sez she, 'to be bothered by a coon! You're a hunter, you are!' O Lord!' and then she'd laff so provokin' like, it come near a killin' me. One day I jest got rippin' mad, and so I up and went down to the old log and cut it in two, so as to burn it up and fix the old cuss's bridge for him. When I'd got it half cut, blast me ef I did n't find a holler place in the middle, and there was mister coon, all safe. I settled his hash, now you'd better believe, quick! The critter would run and jump onto the eend of the log and go out to the middle of the creek, and there he jumped down onto a big flat stone and run into the holler on the under side.

'No you do n't!'

Another explosion came near following, but the lawyer quelled it by quietly remarking, that he had no doubt Slumkeg was right—he'd seen stranger things himself.

'Animals sometimes very nearly approach reason in their cunning,' he remarked, in a sleepy, listless, and yet agreeably pleasant tone; 'I have n't any doubt of it. The physical elements of mind are possessed by almost all created animate things; and I doubt if the closest reasoner can tell where the faculty of instinct ends, and the reign of reason begins. Theory and fact draw one in a perfect maze, when he begins to speculate on the relative reasoning powers of men and animals. I have studied the subject long and earnestly, and could refer you to thousands of well-attested instances, where animal sagacity has apparently over-stepped the bounds of mere instinct to confound and perplex all our received opinions relative to the extent of reason in brutes. One I well remember, since it came within my own personal experience. With the permission of the company, I will relate it.'

The man's voice had a spell in it. He was disagreeable at sight, sleepy and dull in appearance, but spoke in a sweetly modulated tone; yet I fancied a sell was on the tapis, though he was apparently both too dull and too serious for a joke. At any rate I wavered a little in my opinion of him; though my companions were instantly won to any thing he chose to say. His voice certainly had a spell in it—I could n't help liking him, as he spoke; and I saw the rest were attracted more than myself.

'Of all things in which one would look for sagacity,' he began, 'a snake is of the last; yet my story is of a snake, and a wise one, too. Men have studied them unkindly since the creation, when the GIVER of life pronounced them the most 'subtle of all the beasts of the field;'

and the consequence is that their wisdom and importance have been greatly overlooked and derided. Dull and stupid as they apparently are, yet they far excel, in intelligence and something like reason in emergencies, many animals supposed to be akin to man in the nobler attributes of physical life, as I shall prove.

'I got interested in the study of serpents down in Arkansas, where I spent most of last year. I don't know why, but I was constantly watching them, and constantly testing their sagacity, by placing them in new situations, and surrounding them with novel expedients. Of all kinds, I experimented most with rattle-snakes and copper-heads.

'One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods to smoke and read, (for I always had a book or newspaper with me,) and had been enjoying myself for some time, when I espied a copper-head making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and segar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I stirred, the rascal made a grand rush for the hole; but I caught his tail, as he got nearly in, and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself into a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded to let him try the hole again. After awhile, he started for it, stopping when I stirred to coil himself up; but, as I kept pretty quiet, he recovered confidence, and again went in. Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he touch the ground than he made another grand rush for the hole, *in a straight line for my legs!* But that did n't work, for I got out of the way, and gave him another flirt.

This time he lay still awhile, appearing to reflect on the course to be taken. After a time he tried it again, though rather slowly. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped, and wiggled his tail as if on purpose for me to grab it. *I did so; and quicker than a flash, he drew his head out and came within about a quarter-of-an-inch of striking me in the face!* However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out next time. Well, he tried the same game again; but it would n't work; I was too quick for him.

'This time he lay in a coil perhaps half-an-hour without stirring. At last, however, he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly, coiled again, and then, by heavens! he got the start of me by one of the 'cutest tricks you ever heard of!'

'How was it?' we all exclaimed in a breath.

'Why,' said the narrator, sinking his voice to the acme of solemnity, and looking as honest and sober as a man could look, 'why, he just turned his head toward my hand, *and went down that hole tail first!* I saw the rascal's eyes twinkle as he did it, too; as much as to say: 'What do you think of that, eh?' and since then, I have believed that snakes have souls.'

There was a dead silence for a moment or two. The manner of the narrator had so impressed his auditors with the idea that he was telling the truth, that their brains were slow to credit the impression of a sell. After awhile, however, Old Slumkeg suffered the expression of credulity, which had gradually stolen over his features, to pass away, as the con-

viction that he was bamboozled worked its way into his brain : and, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, quite excitedly :

'That's a — LIE ! stranger ; and if I thought you was imposin' on me, — me if I would n't spoil your figger-head !'

As for old 'No-you-Do-n't,' he remained so absorbed, as yet, in trying to get the whole meaning of the last end of the story through his wool, that his countenance yet wore the most puzzled expression I had seen in a long time. He was completely tangled up for the moment ; but the roar that burst from the lawyer, the girl and myself, opened his eyes a little, and before our mirth had quite subsided, he had taken in the full extent of the sell.

'Sold, by Gorsh !' he exclaimed. 'Stranger, here's my hand on that ; you're the first man that ever got the start of me : and you'd better b'lieve that *I* never'll b'lieve *any thing* ag'in !'

And during all the rest of the day he maintained a profound silence, and a crest-fallen appearance, which were irresistibly comical.

About night-fall we arrived at our journey's end : and so ends my tale. I may yet resume the subject, and give the world a few more *stage incidents* ; but enough for the nonce.

Grand Rapids, (Michigan,) 1856.

IMITATION OF BERANGER : SONG.

I.

THEY say it's wrong for you and me
To love each other, girl, so well ;
But why it should be I can't see,
And sure I am that you can't tell !
And if it is, what shall I do ?
I cannot help it : MOLL, can you ?

II.

Propriety forbids such things,
Society in vain repeats ;
I fear such pleasant wanderings
My heart will go on while it beats.
And if it does, what shall I do ?
I cannot help it : MOLL, can you ?

III.

So many little tnings are sins,
To which I feel myself inclined,
Where Duty ends or where begins,
I can't well settle in my mind.
And if I do n't, what shall I do ?
Who cares to help it ? MOLL, do you ?

H. V.

HOUSEHOLD SORROW.

A SHADOW broods over the household,
 A sorrow still and deep:
 I feel its presence around my heart
 Like a thrill of suffering creep.

It hushes the baby's laughing voice
 Though the child can dream not why:
 But the half-smile dies on its rosy lip
 And a wonder fills its eye.

I look far out in the sun-shine,
 That bathes the earth in light:
 And the voice of Nature murmureth low
 Her manifold delight.

But the shadow — oh! close it falleth
 Through the dim and dusky air:
 And we whisper low, and with light foot-fall
 We press the echoing stair.

And yet so soundly she sleeps above,
 In that chamber cold and dim,
 No noise from this busy world without
 Can reach *her* world within.

The shadow cast from the old pine-trees
 Flickers upon her face,
 Mocking the play of the features, rare
 In their pure and chiselled grace.

And the wind stirreth tresses long and brown,
 'T is but the wind alone:
 Sad tears are filling our eyes, to see
 How stilly she sleepeth on.

The sorrow that broods o'er the household
 Marks every weary brow:
 Hers only is quiet and peaceful —
 "She heedeth *no* sorrow now.

She whose warm heart felt ever
 The woes of other hearts;
 Whose sympathizing eye would draw
 The sting of suffering's darts.

The shadow over the household,
 The shadow from DEATH'S pale wing,
 Shall fill our souls with the anguish
 Of a life-long sorrowing.

FAUSTA.

July 23d.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE COURT OF NAPOLEON: OR SOCIETY UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE. BY FRANK B. GOODRICH, (DICK TINTO.) New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON, Number 119 Nassau-street.

If there was ever a temptation in the way of a book, it is this elegant volume. To see it in the hands of another man is to have all the envy in your nature rampant. To find it lying on a table, 'with nobody over near,' is almost sufficient to make one break the eighth commandment, unless one is possessed of a strong moral sense, like MACE SLOPER. '*Napoleon's Court*' is one of the most beautiful specimens of American typography that we ever had the pleasure of admiring. The book is printed on a new font of pica type, cast expressly for the work, and bound in Turkey antique, with some very charming designs by SOMERVILLE. The illustrations, sixteen in number, from original portraits in the galleries of the Luxembourg and Versailles, are executed by M. JULES CHAMPAGNE, the most celebrated artist in this line in Paris. Each plate is colored by hand, and the number of sets used in a single edition must have cost the publishers a small fortune. The various periods treated of are illustrated by their remarkable women: the Reign of Terror by its heroines:

CHARLOTTE CORDAY and Madame ROLAND.

The Directory by its celebrated beauty, Madame TALLIEN; and the Consulate and Empire of NAPOLEON by the wits and belles of the Imperial era, namely:

MADAME RECAMIER, whose love was sought by NAPOLEON and LUCIEN BONAPARTE, BERNADOTTE, MURAT, JUNOT, the MONTMORENCIES, (father and son,) AUGUSTUS, Prince of Prussia, and Lord WELLINGTON, and 'whose beauty threw at her feet every man who had once looked upon her.'

PAULINE BONAPARTE, the most beautiful princess in Europe, and whose fantastic and uncontrollable caprices gave her brother constant annoyance.

CAROLINE BONAPARTE, wife of MURAT, and Queen of Naples.

JOSEPHINE and MARIE LOUISE, the two Empresses.

HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS, daughter of JOSEPHINE and mother of LOUIS NAPOLEON and the Count DE MORNY.

GRACE INGERSOLL, the belle of New-Haven, transferred by marriage to France, and subsequently one of the beauties who frequented the Court of the Tuileries.

Mdlle. DU COLOMBIER, NAPOLEON's first love, with whom he used to eat cherries at six in the morning.

MADAME REGNAULT DE ST. JEAN D'ANGELY, a peerless beauty, one of whose replies to NAPOLEON has become historical.

MADAME JUNOT, Duchess d'ABRANTES. This lady refused NAPOLEON's brother in marriage; her brother would not accept NAPOLEON's sister, PAULINE; and her mother, MADAME DE PERMON, refused NAPOLEON himself.

MADAME DE STAEL, the first literary woman of the age.

Mlle. LENORMAND, the sybil of the nineteenth century, and the intimate confidante of JOSEPHINE; of whom it was said that 'she contrived to obtain credence in an age which neither believed in God and his angels, nor the devil and his imps.'

Mlle. GEORGES, the tragic actress, and the protégée of NAPOLEON.

Mr. GOODRICH has done his part 'excellently well.' The prose is spirited and compact. We have room for only two excerpts, which we take at random.

MADAME REGNAULT'S REPLY.

'MADAME REGNAULT was one of the many women who had incurred NAPOLEON's dislike. He never treated her with even ordinary politeness, without, however, alleging any motive for his conduct, and probably conscious of no reasonable ground of aversion. On the evening in question, he was out of humor, and made his customary round of the company with evident distaste. He stopped opposite MADAME REGNAULT to examine her toilet. This consisted of a simple dress of white crape, trimmed with alternate tufts of pink and white roses. The glossy black of her hair was relieved by white roses deeply imbedded in its tresses. Her toilet was considered faultless; for the events of the night caused it to be critically examined and canvassed. As his MAJESTY prepared to address her, she presented as perfect an embodiment of youth, beauty, and taste, as was to be found in the court. NAPOLEON was all the more incensed at her irreproachable appearance. Justice was the last feature which characterized his criticisms upon ladies, and the remark which he now made was certainly the last which a regard to truth and the most ordinary courtesy would have suggested to him. With a bitter smile, he said, in a deep, sonorous voice:

'Do you know, MADAME REGNAULT, that you are looking much older to-night?'

'These words were uttered in the hearing of several hundred persons, half of whom were women, doubtless gratified at the beauty's humiliation. She hesitated for a moment, as if framing her reply. At last she said with a smile, and in a voice sufficiently firm for all who heard the attack to hear the rejoinder:

'What your MAJESTY has done me the honor to observe might have been painful to hear, had I reached an age when youth is regretted.'

'The NIOBE of the court was hardly twenty-eight years old. A murmur of approbation ran through the room, which not even the presence of NAPOLEON could repress. The Emperor afterward regretted his treatment of MADAME REGNAULT. He was told at St. Helena, in 1816, that she had manifested constant attachment to him during his confinement at, and upon his return from, Elba. 'Is it possible?' he exclaimed, with marked satisfaction. 'Poor lady! How badly I treated her! Well, this compensates for the ingratitude of the renegades for whom I did so much! How true it is, that we can neither judge of the heart nor the sentiments until they have been exposed to trial!'

TALMA.

'It was said of TALMA, that his head and profile presented the Greek type in all the purity of an Athenian medallion struck in the time of PERICLES. His physiognomy, completely under his control, was naturally melancholy, but became at will terrible or placid, winning or repellant. His voice was penetrating and magnetic, and he possessed the art of speaking audibly in an extinct whisper. His gestures were the perfection of grace; his pantomime, whether illustrative of the text, or itself supplying the place of language, was singularly expressive. He was the first to bestow attention upon the art of costume, consulting medals, statues, manuscripts, black-letter folios, for authority upon the accessories of dress, armor, and drapery. He never had a rival upon the French stage. His immediate predecessor, LEKAIN, who enjoyed an immense reputation, was unequal and incomplete. Perfect in the delineation of the more violent passions, he failed in representing them when in repose, in rendering passages of transition from agitation to tranquillity, and in descriptive recitation. In all this, TALMA was as effective as in the more startling features of his art. The French classic stage is indebted to him for the present system of dramatic declamation. It was the custom previously to make both the sense and the punctuation subordinate to a distinct coupling of the rhymes. Each Alexandrine fell in cadence, and the duty of the actor was especially to impress upon the ear of the listener the rhyming syllables at the end of it.

TALMA reversed this habit, and made it the object of his delivery to preserve the sense even if he somewhat slurred the rhyme. He breathed at the pauses; his predecessors had always taken breath at the ends of the lines. This avoidance of the jingle of rhyme was a happy innovation; and in thus improving an art intimately connected with oratory and elocution, TALMA is likely to exert a more durable influence upon literature and rhetoric than usually falls to the lot of an actor, however great he may be.

Throughout the Consulate, TALMA remained on terms of intimacy with BONAPARTE, being habitually present at his levees, upon a footing with MONGE and LAGRANGE. When NAPOLEON became EMPEROR, he thought it prudent to cease his attendance at the palace. He was summoned, however, to the Tuileries on the morning of the day when the authorities were to compliment the EMPEROR upon his elevation to the throne. His MAJESTY compelled several deputations of government functionaries to wait without, while he took the tragedian to task for alleged exaggerations in the performance of NERO. On another occasion, speaking to TALMA of his tendency to over-act, he said: 'You visit me often, TALMA; you see around me princes who have lost their dominions, princesses who have lost their lovers, kings who have lost their thrones; you see generals who aspire to crowns; you see disappointed ambitions, eager rivalries, terrible catastrophes; you see afflictions exposed to the public view, and you may guess at many sorrows nursed and hidden in the heart. Here is tragedy, certainly: my palace is full of it: and I myself am assuredly the first tragedian of my time. Do you ever see us lift our arms in the air, study and prepare our gestures, take attitudes and affect airs of grandeur? Do you hear us utter cries and shouts? Certainly not; we speak naturally, as every one speaks when urged by interest or inspired by passion. So have done before me the various persons who have occupied the attention of the world, and, like me, have played tragedies upon the throne. Here are examples to meditate upon.'

Again, one morning after the performance of '*La Mort de Pompée*,' NAPOLEON said: 'I am not entirely satisfied: you use your arms too much: monarchs are less prodigal of gestures: they know that a motion is an order, and that a look is death; so they are sparing of both motions and looks. For instance, how often has it happened to me to awaken to activity three hundred guns by a sign of my little finger!' TALMA profited by the advice thus given: and if the second part of his career showed a marked improvement upon the first, the criticisms of NAPOLEON may be supposed not to have been without influence in inducing reflection and reformation. During the Revolution and under the Directory, he had been clamorous, turbulent, demonstrative; under the Consulate and Empire, he became simple, impressive, majestic. He produced his effects by more natural and legitimate means. 'No one but TALMA,' wrote Madame DE STAEL, 'ever attained that degree of perfection in which art is combined with inspiration, reflection with spontaneity, reason with genius.'

THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY: OR THE SPIRIT AND BEAUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.
By the VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND. Translated by CHARLES I. WHITE, D.D. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY AND COMPANY.

IN the midst of that fierce and horrible period of French history known as the Revolution of '93, when that 'most Christian country' abolished Christianity, and a degraded woman, clad as the GODDESS OF REASON, was set upon the altars and adored, ARMAND HENRI, Vicomte DE CHATEAUBRIAND, wrote the work now under review, as a counter-poison to the infidelity of his countrymen.

Portions of it have been before translated, but this is the only complete English version we have met with. The Rev. Mr. WHITE has performed his task with evident love for and admiration of the original, a love and admiration which indeed it well deserves. The work was written to exhibit the reasonableness, beauty, utility, and even necessity of Christianity. He set forth in eloquent language the glories of the religion of CHRIST, as manifested in its sacraments and mysteries, its virtues and moral laws, its poetry and artistic beauty, its consecration of common and family life, its power to dig-

nify what was otherwise held trivial, and its grand, solemn, and wondrous mission to prepare the human soul for a higher and eternal state after its separation with the clay which had been its casket.

Thus wrote CHATEAUBRIAND; and France stopped to listen even amid her intoxication; amid the horrid blood-drunkenness of that awful time. To him is that noble country as much indebted for her salvation as to any other human agency. All that is said of Christianity is compared with what attempts to be its parallel in Paganism, Mohammedanism, or other systems; and few can read without recognizing the supreme superiority of the creed of Christendom.

As a fine specimen of the style, both of writer and translator, we copy the splendid passage upon Christian Ruins:

'The ruins of Christian monuments have not an equal degree of elegance, but in other respects will sustain a comparison with the ruins of Rome and Greece. The finest of this kind that we know of are to be found in England, principally toward the north, near the lakes of Cumberland, on the mountains of Scotland, and even in the Orkney Islands. The walls of the choir, the pointed arches of the window, the sculptured vaultings, the pilasters of the cloisters, and some fragments of the towers, are the portions that have most effectually withstood the ravages of time.

'In the Grecian orders, the vaults and the arches follow in a parallel direction the curves of the sky; so that on the gray hangings of the clouds, or in a darkened landscape, they are lost in the grounds. In the Gothic style, the points universally form a contrast with the circular arches of the sky and the curvatures of the horizon. The Gothic being, moreover, entirely composed of *voids*, the more readily admits of the decoration of herbage and flowers than the *fullness* of the Grecian orders. The clustered columns, the domes carved into foliage, or scooped out in the form of a fruit-basket, afford so many receptacles into which the winds carry with the dust the seeds of vegetation. The house-leek fixes itself in the mortar; the mosses cover some rugged parts with their elastic coating; the thistle projects its brown burrs from the embrasure of a window; and the ivy, creeping along the northern cloisters, falls in festoons over the arches.

'No kind of ruin produces a more picturesque effect than these relics. Under a cloudy sky, amid wind and storm, on the coast of that sea whose tempests were sung by OSSIAN, their Gothic architecture has something grand and sombre, like the Gop of Sinai, of whom they remind you. Seated on a shattered altar in the Orkneys, the traveller is astonished at the dreariness of those places: a raging sea, sudden fogs, vales where rises the sepulchral stone, streams flowing through wild heaths, a few reddish pine-trees scattered over a naked desert studded with patches of snow — such are the only objects which present themselves to his view. The wind circulates among the ruins, and their innumerable crevices are so many tubes which heave a thousand sighs. The organ of old did not lament so much in these religious edifices. Long grasses wave in the apertures of the domes, and beyond these apertures you behold the flitting clouds and the soaring sea-eagle. Sometimes, mistaking her course, a ship, hidden by her swelling sails, like a spirit of the waters curtailed by his wings, ploughs the black bosom of ocean. Bending under the northern blast, she seems to bow as she advances, and to kiss the seas that wash the relics of the temple of God.

'On these unknown shores have passed away the men who adored that WISDOM which walked beneath the waves. Sometimes in their sacred solemnities they marched in procession along the beach, singing, with the Psalmist, *How vast is this sea which stretcheth wide its arms!* At others, seated in the cave of Fingal on the brink of ocean, they imagined they heard that voice from on high which said to Job, *Who shut up the sea with doors when it brake forth as issuing out of the womb?* At night, when the tempests of winter swept the earth, when the monastery was enveloped in clouds of spray, the peaceful cenobites, retiring within their cells, slept amid the howling of the storm, congratulating themselves on having embarked in that vessel of the LORD which will never perish.

'Sacred relics of Christian monuments, ye remind us not, like so many other ruins, of blood, of injustice and of violence! Ye relate only a peaceful history, or at most the mysterious suffering of the SON OF MAN! And ye holy hermits, who, to secure a place in happier regions, exiled yourselves to the ices of the pole, ye now enjoy the fruit of your sacrifices; and if among angels, as among men, there are inhabited plains and desert tracts, in like manner as ye buried your virtues in the solitudes of the earth, so ye have doubtless chosen the celestial solitudes, therein to conceal your ineffable felicity!'

In his chapter upon the '*Organization of Animals and Plants*,' M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND condenses the following from a passage in the great German NIEUWENTTT's '*Treatise on the Existence of a God*,' as furnishing new proofs of the bounty of PROVIDENCE:

'In treating of the four elements, which he considers in their harmonies with man and the creation in general, he shows, in respect to air, how our bodies are marvellously preserved beneath an atmospheric column, equal in its pressure to a weight of twenty thousand pounds. He proves that the change of one single quality, either as to rarefaction and density, in the element we breathe, would be sufficient to destroy every living creature. It is the air that causes the smoke to ascend; it is the air that retains liquids in vessels; by its agitation it purifies the heavens, and wafts to the continents the clouds of the ocean.

'He then demonstrates, by a multitude of experiments, the necessity of water. Who can behold without astonishment the wonderful quality of this element, by which it ascends, contrary to all the laws of gravity, in an element lighter than itself, in order to supply us with rain and dew? He considers the arrangement of mountains, so as to give a circulation to rivers; the topography of these mountains in islands and on the main land; the outlets of gulfs, bays, and mediterranean waters: the innumerable advantages of seas: nothing escapes the attention of this good and learned man. In the same manner he unfolds the excellence of the earth as an element, and its admirable laws as a planet. He likewise describes the utility of fire, and the extensive aid it has afforded in the various departments of human industry.

'When he passes to animals, he observes that those which we call domestic come into the world with precisely that degree of instinct which is necessary in order to tame them, while others that are unserviceable to man never lose their natural wildness. Can it be chance that inspires the gentle and useful animals with the disposition to live together in our fields, and prompts ferocious beasts to roam by themselves in unfrequented places? Why should not flocks of tigers be led by the sound of the shepherd's pipe? Why should not a colony of lions be seen frisking in our parks, among the wild thyme and the dew, like the little animals celebrated by LA FONTAINE? Those ferocious beasts could never be employed for any other purpose than to draw the car of some triumphant warrior, as cruel as themselves, or to devour Christians in an amphitheatre. Alas! tigers are never civilized among men, but men oftentimes assume the savage disposition of the tiger!

'The observations of NIEUWENTTT on the qualities of birds are not less interesting. Their wings, convex above and concave underneath, are oars perfectly adapted to the element they are designed to cleave. The wren, that delights in hedges of thorn and arbutus, which to her are extensive deserts, is provided with a double eye-lid, to preserve its sight from every kind of injury. But how admirable are the contrivances of nature! this eye-lid is transparent, and the little songstress of the cottage can drop this wonderful veil without being deprived of sight. PROVIDENCE kindly ordained that she should not lose her way when conveying the drop of water or the grain of millet to her nest, and that her little family beneath the bush should not pine at her absence.

'And what ingenious springs move the feet of birds! It is not by a play of the muscles which their immediate will determines, that they hold themselves firm on a branch: their feet are so constructed that, when they are pressed in the centre or at the heel, the toes naturally grasp the object which presses against them. From this mechanism it follows that the claws of a bird adhere more or less firmly to the object on which it alights, as the motion of that object is more or less rapid; for, in the waving of the branch, either the branch presses against the foot or the foot against the branch, and in either case there results a more forcible contraction of the claws. When in the winter season, at the approach of night, we see ravens perched on the leafless summit of the oak, we imagine that it is only by continual watchfulness and attention, and with incredible fatigue, they can maintain their position amid the howling tempest and the obscurity of night. The truth, however, is, that unconscious of danger, and defying the storm, they sleep amid the war of winds. BORRAS himself fixes them to the branch from which we every moment expect to see them hurled; and, like the veteran mariner whose hammock is slung to the masts of a vessel, the more they are rocked by the hurricane the more profound are their slumbers.

'With respect to the organization of fishes, their very existence in the watery element, and the relative change in their weight, which enables them to float in water of greater or less gravity, and to descend from the surface to the lowest depths of the abyss, are perpetual wonders. The fish is a real hydrostatic machine, displaying a thousand phenomena by means of a small bladder, which it empties or replenishes with air at pleasure.'

THE work is elegantly gotten up, with a fine portrait: and in typographical beauty compares favorably with the best classic works of the day.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF HORACE SMITH AND JAMES SMITH, Authors of '*The Rejected Addresses*,' Portraits, and a Biographical Sketch. Edited by EPES SARGENT. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

For nearly half a century the Brothers SMITH flourished in the literary society of London: welcome always and everywhere: wits, poets, and connoisseurs: club-men, men of ton, and gentlemen. JAMES was a lawyer by profession, but was a good deal more fond of his song and his joke than of briefs and special pleas. He took more to the stage-box than the jury-box, and to the nine muses than to the twelve men on a panel. HORACE was a broker—a money-maker; and withal a man of uncommon generosity and the most genial temper. He was a reliable friend and an agreeable companion. Both were fond of the theatre, and wrote for it with more or less success. Both wrote verses; and HORACE wrote poetry of a very high order. Both became famous by the publication of '*The Rejected Addresses*,' one of the most remarkable works in literature, and a book that is still reprinted, and read with as much zest as on the day of its first appearance. It has passed through some thirty editions, and is still one of the best selling books on MURRAY'S trade-list.

The SMITHS, when young men, were intimate with CUMBERLAND, and were connected with him in several literary enterprises. The memoir, prefixed to this collection of their poetical works, gives us an amusing account of the commencement of this acquaintance. Anecdotes of the distinguished dramatist, of HOOK, MATHEWS, CROKER, and the literary guests of TOM HILL, make this biographical sketch very agreeable; and it gives us a lively portraiture of the two brothers to whom it is more especially devoted.

Many of HORACE SMITH'S poems are familiar to many American readers: but they are now for the first time brought together in a volume, in company with '*The Rejected Addresses*.'

SHELLEY was very fond of HORACE SMITH, and thought highly of him as a poet; and there are certainly some touches in his verse that could have been accomplished only by the true inspiration. What can be more exquisite than his '*Hymn to the Flowers*'? There is a flow to the verse of '*Sicilian Arethusa*' like that of molten silver, or of the stream it describes:

*'Thy liquid gush and gurgling melody
Have left undying echoes in the bowers;
Of tuneful poetry. Thy very name,
Sicilian Arethusa, had been drowned
In deep oblivion, but that the buoyant breath
Of bards uplifted it, and bade it swim
Adown the eternal lapse, assured of fame,
Till all things shall be swallowed up in death.'*

'*The Murderer's Confession*' is a remarkable poem, for its originality and boldness both of conception and versification. It is in a different vein altogether from HORACE SMITH'S other writings in verse, and more like HOOD'S touch in some of his delineations of domestic tragedy. '*The Invocation*,' written in the neighborhood of Abbotsford during the last illness of Sir WALTER SCOTT; '*Dirge for a Living Poet*,' written of SOUTHEY, during his latter days; '*CAMPBELL'S Funeral*,' and '*The Life and Death*,' in commemoration of his friend CHARLES MATHEWS; all testify to the genial and

admirable qualities which belong to the *man* SMITH, and exhibit his claims to 'kindred' with the brotherhood of genius, sympathy with whose sorrows and fall was the inspiration of these lays. If we may regard them as what are sometimes called 'occasional poems,' in the nature of monodies or elegies — of which the English miscellanies for the last hundred years are full — we know of nothing that surpasses these exquisite poems in natural feeling, in delicacy and beauty of expression, and in their adaptation to the events that called them forth. If we could decide which of these four poems is the best, we would copy it, but we must refer the reader to the volume, to decide the question for himself. Our impression is, that the magnificent tribute to CAMPBELL must bear away the palm.

There is a fact in HORACE SMITH's history worthy of note, in connection with a few stanzas inspired by a philosophy which not only prompted his verses, but regulated his life:

'Unpossessed Possessions.

'WHOSE are Windsor and Hampton, the pride of the land,
With their treasures and trophies so varied and grand?

The QUEEN's, you reply:

Deuce a bit! you and I

Through their gates, twice a week, making privileged way,

Tread their gilded saloons,

View their portraits, cartoons,

And, like CROSOE, are monarchs of all we survey.

'And whose are our nobles' magnificent homes,
With their galleries, gardens, their statues and domes?

His Grace's, my Lord's?

Ay, in law and in words,

But in fact they are ours, for the master, poor wight!

Gladly leaving their view

To the visiting crew,

Keeps a dear exhibition for others' delight.

'And whose are the stag-haunted parks, the domains,
The woods and the waters, the hills and the plains?

Yours and mine, for our eyes

Daily make them our prize:

What more have their owners? The care and the cost!

Alas! for the great,

Whose treasures and state,

Unprized when possessed, are regretted when lost.

'When I float on the Thames, or am whisked o'er the roads,
To the numerous royal and noble abodes

Whose delights I may share,

Without ownership's care,

With what pity the titled and rich I regard,

And exultingly cry:

'Oh! how happy am I

To be only a poor unpatrician bard!'

HORACE SMITH was a broker, but unlike the broker described by his Roman namesake, who, smit with a passion for retirement and a country-seat, called in his money in the ides, but loaned it out again in the kalends. He was an attentive man-of-business in early life, but was so wise as to know when he had enough. This is a knowledge few live to acquire. The sentiment which pervades his '*Unpossessed Possessions*,' the feeling that it is not necessary to *own* all you see in order to enjoy it, was practical with him, and not poetical. He retired from the pursuit of wealth when he had gained a reasonable independence: and thenceforward devoted himself en-

tirely to literary avocations. To this course he was indebted for many years of tranquil enjoyment, undisturbed by vicissitudes of fortune.

There is a motive and a moral in every poem of HORACE SMITH, and they are finished with a neatness and point of expression that never leave one at a loss to comprehend his meaning. This may be regarded as a blemish with the admirers of some of the new schools of verse; but we confess that it gives us pleasure to derive a distinct impression from what we read, and that we never fail to understand as we go, when we pore over CAMPBELL, BYRON, or WORDSWORTH, who surely may be considered three of the masters of English song. SHELLEY and KEATS, we must confess, bid us pause sometimes, and are now and then quite past our understanding: but when we come down to the later gods of the poetical world, they seem to be so blurred and bedimmed in their ideas that they are little better than 'heathen Greek' to us for all the pleasure that we derive from them. Because we can always comprehend him, we enjoy HORACE SMITH, and think with FORSTER of the *'London Examiner,'* that he is a 'delightful' writer in verse. We know of few small poems in the English language more perfect than *'The First of March,'* or the *'Invocation to the Cuckoo,'* and yet, with all their fancy and imagination, they are as intelligible as a demonstration of EUCLID. Among the other pieces in this volume most infused with the 'faculty divine,' we would mention, *'Death,' 'The Dying Poet,' 'Farewell,' 'The Birth-Day of Spring,'* and *'The Poet's Winter-Song to his Wife.'* The last we copy:

'The birds that sang so sweet in the summer skies are fled,
And we trample 'neath our feet leaves that fluttered o'er our head;
The verdant fields of June wear a winding-sheet of white,
The stream has lost its tune, and the glancing waves their light.

'We too, my faithful wife, feel our winter coming on,
And our dreams of early life like the summer birds are gone;
My head is silvered o'er, while thine eyes their fire have lost,
And thy voice, so sweet of yore, is enchained by age's frost.

'But the founts that live and shoot through the bosom of the earth,
Still prepare each seed and root to give future flowers their birth:
And we, my dearest JANE, spite of age's wintry blight,
In our bosoms will retain Spring's florescence and delight.

'The seeds of love and lore that we planted in our youth,
Shall develop more and more their attractiveness and truth;
The springs beneath shall run, though the snows be on our head,
For Love's declining sun shall with Friendship's rays be fed.

'Thus as happy as when young shall we both grow old, my wife,
On one bough united hung of the fruitful Tree of Life;
May we never disengage through each change of wind and weather,
Till in ripeness of old age we both drop to earth together!'

Of the comic pieces by HORACE SMITH, the style is his own, though the anecdotes on which they are founded are sometimes borrowed. And though many of them are old favorites with us, we have read them in the new guise in which they appear with as much zest as if they were just out of manuscript. *'The Auctioneer and the Lawyer,' 'Rabelais and the Lampreys,' 'The Fat Actor and the Rustic,' 'The Collegian and the Porter,' 'The Poet and the Alchemist,'* though old acquaintances, will be welcome, if for nothing else, for the company in which they are found.

We have gossiped so much about HORACE SMITH, that we have hardly left ourselves room to speak of his more worldly, but equally clever brother. JAMES SMITH did not possess the poetic faculty to any great degree, but he was a polished versifier, and a man of decided *esprit*. He ought to have been the laureate of London. His verses are the suggestions of London life, and yet of general application. His style is condensed and pointed, and marked by epigram and antithesis. In its way, there is nothing better. Neither KIT ANSTREY nor PRAED, the most successful writers of the *vers de société*, surpassed JAMES SMITH. But his sphere was limited. He was a lyrist of fashion, as HOOK was a novelist. If his verses were understood and well received at Lady BLESSINGTON's, he was content. It has been said that his part of '*The Rejected Addresses*' is the better part; but the imitations are all of the first excellence, and it is difficult to say which possesses the most merit. It must be conceded that the work stands without a rival. Neither before nor since has any thing appeared to compete with it. Time and again it has been tried, here and in England, and yet nothing has ever been accomplished that has survived. But '*The Rejected Addresses*' is as popular a book as the day it was written.

But we must take our leave of the 'Brothers SMITH,' with a word of thanks to the Brothers MASON, for the beautiful manner in which they have issued the volume before us, and to the editor for the very entertaining memoir which it contains.

THE RIFLE, AXE, AND SADDLE-BAGS, and other Lectures. By WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. With an Introduction by Rev. J. MCCLINTOCK, D.D., and a Portrait of the Author on Steel. In one volume: pp. 309. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

FROM the moment we saw Mr. MILBURN led forward by our friend Mr. WESLEY HARPER at the Book-seller's Festival at the Crystal Palace, and turn his almost sightless orbs upon the vast crowd whom he was to address, we have felt an interest in him 'which we can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.' It was the first time we had seen him. We had heard of 'the Blind Preacher,' and of his simple, natural eloquence; and when he began in a voice clear, deep, and full, without being loud, and plunged at once, without ambiguity or circumlocution, into what he had to say, we saw that he had not been over-rated. But Mr. MILBURN's history, and his professional and literary characteristics, are too well known to the country to require reference or elucidation at our hands. Turn we rather to the volume under notice; wherein, as is truly stated by Dr. MCCLINTOCK in his 'Introduction,' the reader will find no ambiguities of phrase; no wandering or meaningless sentences; no paragraphs 'put in to fill up;' but lucid narrative, glowing descriptions, earnest thought, and genial feeling everywhere. The contents of the volumes consist of seven spoken lectures, under the annexed titles: 'The Symbols of Early Western Character and Civilization;' 'The Rifle;' 'The Axe;' 'The Saddle-Bags;' 'Songs in the Night, or the Triumph of Genius over Blindness;' 'An Hour's Talk about Woman;' and

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'French Chivalry in the South-West.' All these themes, and they are all of interest, are very fully and eloquently treated, and abundantly illustrated by incident and anecdotes. We were struck very forcibly with *one* feature of this volume. A hundred years from now, reader, when we are in our graves and out of them in impalpable dust, it may be quoted in proof of the toils and sufferings of the early Methodists, in spreading the 'glad tidings of salvation' throughout the wilderness of the until then untrodden West. Our limits will permit of but a single extract: a passage from the lecture, '*Songs in the Night, or the Triumphs of Genius over Blindness.*' Mr. MURBURN is speaking of the inferiority of the Blind in the matter of 'spoken eloquence':

'THERE is a popular fallacy that this is a profession wherein the blind may readily excel; to which Mr. WIRT's celebrated description of the Blind Preacher, in his letters of the British Spy, has given still greater currency. I will not charge that distinguished person with intentional extravagance; but his picture is an exaggeration. His own mind was in a morbid and excited state, profoundly impressed by the Sabbath-like stillness of the forest; the grassy turf illumined by flashes of sunshine, and speckled by the twinkling shadows of the leaves; while through the trees appears the modest country church. Brooding over a youth mis-spent, haunted by the phantoms of remorse and despair, he crosses the threshold of the house of God, to hear if any word can be spoken that will dispel his gloom. An aged man stands in the desk. Silvery locks fall down his shoulders. His voice is tremulous from age. His manner of simple fervor betokens the deepest earnestness. As the hearer looks more narrowly, he perceives that the speaker is blind. His own condition, the scene, the sightless apostle of the truth, all combine to arouse him to a pitch of enthusiasm; and he pronounces WADDELL the most eloquent of men.

'That Mr. WIRT on this occasion may have found him so, I do not question. But that the audience, under ordinary conditions, would have been affected to the same, or to an approaching degree, I cannot believe. Excel as the blind may in literature, the magic wand of the great orator cannot be given to them. Shall I demonstrate my position? When you are engaged in conversation, is it not requisite, in order to the fullest interest and animation, that you have the tribute of your companion's eye? Is it possible for you to sustain a prolonged and exciting conversation in a dark room? Can you make a friend or intimate of any person, who, when you speak to him, averts his glance? No, is the unmistakable answer to this question. Why? You come to your deepest acquaintance with others' sensibilities, whereby your own are kindled, through their eyes and your own. The sweetest and mightiest tie which binds us to each other—sympathy—whose glow kindles our enthusiasm, whose magic power enables us to transfer our life into another's life, to pervade our own imagination with another's being, reveals itself, not through the poor ministry of words, but in the divine expression of the human face, which concentrates and glorifies itself in the electric flashing of the eyes. These orbs are the mirrors of the soul; the lights which kindle the fires of friendship and affection.

'Again; you are a public speaker. Suppose you are called upon to address an audience from behind a screen; or with your face turned to the wall; or with a bandage across your eyes. Would your words have power, or your nature inspiration? Picture DEMOSTHENES or CLAY addressing an audience, they hanging breathless on his lips, when suddenly the lights go out. No poise of character, no self-possession, no absorption of the speaker in his theme is equal to such a crisis. No spell of eloquence is mighty enough to hold an audience together under such circumstances. There can be neither speaking nor hearing in the dark.

'What is the secret of the richest, greatest eloquence? Neither in finish of style, nor in force of logic, nor affluence of diction, nor grace of manner, nor pomp of imagination, nor in all of these combined, is it to be found. It may be accompanied by these, it may be destitute of them. It is in the man—feeling his theme, feeling his audience, and making them feel the theme and himself. He pursues the line of his thought; a sentence is dropped which falls like a kindling spark into the breast of some one present. The light of that spark shoots up to his eyes, and sends an answer to the speaker. The telegraphic signal is felt, and the speaker is instantly ten-fold the stronger; he believes what he is saying more deeply than before, when a second sentence creates a response in another part of the house. As he proceeds, the listless are arrested, the lethargic are startled into attention, tokens of sympathy and emotion flash out upon him from every portion of the audience. That audience has lent to him its strength. It is the same double action which characterizes every movement of the

universe: action and reaction; the speaker giving the best that is in him to his hearers, they lending the divinest portion of themselves to him. This tidal movement of sympathy, this magnetic action, awakening and answering in the eyes of speaker and hearer, by which he is filled with their life, and they pervaded by his thought, is to me the secret and the condition of real eloquence; and clearly this condition is one unattainable by a man destitute of sight.'

'Ah! but,' dear Mr. MILBURN, please look at the *other* side of the picture. Tears came into the eyes of hundreds who heard your eloquent and most touching address at the Crystal Palace, who would have been unmoved had they not known that you were painting from an upper and an inward light. You thought not of this, but your *auditors* did; and no man, with 'all his eyes about him,' as the phrase is, could have wrought half the sensation which your simple narrative created. We have done scant justice to this exceedingly attractive volume; but by glancing at the head of this hurried and imperfect notice, our readers will know how and where to obviate this defect, by obtaining a copy of the work in question, and enjoying its perusal, 'without note or comment' neither of which, in fact, does it in the least require.

PAUL FANE: OR PARTS OF A LIFE ELSE UNTOLD. A Novel: by N. P. WILLIS. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. Boston: A. WILLIAMS AND COMPANY.

THIS work was originally published in chapters in the '*Home Journal*,' and its announcement excited much interest. We among others, gladly hailed its advent, and eagerly perused its first numbers; but a growing sense of disappointment took the place of interest, and caused us to discontinue the weekly reading, and patiently await the completion of the story, trusting that when published all together, it might impress us more favorably. The book is now before us: we have read it carefully and kindly; but the result is the same. There is an artificiality about it, and the characters move through it like so many automatons; and though each one does and says just the right thing in just the right time and just the right place, yet it is done as stiffly as though they were made of paste-board and pulled by wires. There is great affectation of expression, and many of the incidents strike us as unnatural. In 'BOSH BLIVINS' we recognize a strong likeness to our old friend FORBEARANCE SMITH, the subject of one of the sketches in the 'Inklings of Adventure;' but in vain we look in the present work for the touching simplicity, the graphic description and mirth-provoking incidents which so forcibly distinguished Mr. WILLIS's earlier works. Who does not feel as though JULIA BEVERLY and BLANCH CARROL were old friends? — but we think none of us will care to cultivate such acquaintances as Miss FIRKINS, or to become intimate with the Princess C ——. The letters which are exchanged between the hero and his mother are certainly beautiful specimens of composition, and serve to exhibit most charmingly the holiness of a mother's love, and its influence on an absent son. Let not our readers be biased by our opinion, but read 'PAUL FANE,' and judge of its merits for themselves.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The editor of '*The Gotham Chronicle*,' who sends us a few extracts from his forth-coming sheet, seems to have 'taken a leaf out of the book' of the Editor of '*The Bunkum Flagstaff*.' If the communication did not come from an entirely different direction, and in a totally different hand-writing, we should almost be inclined to consider the two journalists identical. The article upon '*Street Hogs*' is pregnant with a wonderful want of appreciation of the true nature of things, great obtuseness, selfishness, and vanity, mixed with simplicity of feeling:

'We often think of the remark made by a very unsophisticuff old countryman, but not of the old country, who in drinking what is called milk-punch, in which some strong liquor was infused, rolled up his eyes, smacked his lips, and said: 'Goodness, gracious! *what lemons!*' A slight mistake; and we think our friend labors under a slight mistake. The milk of his reasoning has got a little infusion of self-interest into it. This running of pigs in the public street has come to be a practice too much tolerated in this community. We, however, give his communication, and recommend his case to the *common* Council.

'To the Public.

'I WANT my hog to be let alone. It is a blinding shame to tease a poor hog, or any other, down to the veriest worm that scrawls. Sir, the cold winter is coming on when the thermometer, by the help of Zero, makes it very sharp, and Consumption, like a worm in the bud, skates through the ice. When I have a refuse hog which has been my hitherto custom, I, having no nubbins for him during the severe season, out of humanity's sake, I say, have been accustomed to dispense with him from the pen and release him into the street, where he hurts nobody, and the poor creature can do a little somethin' for himself. He has as much wright there as I am aware of to the contrary notwithstanding, as a cat, an horse, an cow, a ass, or a chicken. Just the same whatever. And it is enough to make the heart of a modern philanthroper bleed to see him on a freezing day when the potato palings, all stuck fast to the ice, nosin' in the ashes, or peek behind a barrel until the big boy and big dog gone by, and then come out again and try to get somethin'! Last winter my hog was abused. When he came back to

me one of his ears was off: he had a beautiful curl tale — all gone: his eyes nearly out, and thin as a shingle. I had to pet him up with cooked chavings and decay apples, before he was any way fit for killing. I hate inhumanity. One day in February Mr. DAMERUM, almanac-maker, in the middle of the day was standing in the street with a spy-glass, quadroom and other chemical instruments, gazing up at a star named WENUS like a fool. He might as well look for the burning sun among the stars as for a star among the sun. Just then my poor hog come along run against his legs and knocked him head over heels, as he ought to be. He got up in as white a rage as this piece of paper, put his dam eclipse-notes and quadroom observations into his pocket, and ran after the creature into a big yard (this man DAMERUM) without his hat and his coat-tails streaming in the wind. He got a large kitchen back-log about six feet long by two in dameter, stood in the gate-way while the boys drove out the pig, when he let it fall right on the back of the poor crittur, which bruised him considerable. Sir, I hate inhumanity. In Europ they got a Sassaity to prevent cruelty in the infliction of animals. Now I think Corporation of our town ought to be held responsible for property of this kind, which is mutilated simply because they do n't pass some astrigent game-laws to protect it. If your horse fall through where they are digging for gas and break his legs, you recover — not your horse, for he's *horse-de-combat* — but the Corporation are milked in heavy damages. All right. But a poor hog must be vexed to death by brutal boys and dogs, and not the valy of a red cent in satisfaction. If a horse is property, why is n't an hog? Can any body tell us? — and why not recover for an hog well as a horse, when they are mutually malefactors, and *vice versa*? He wants no napkins, that's true; while by his bristles alone he is the source of more neatness than any other quarter whatever. Sir, I mean to sue if a single bristle on the hair of his back is hurt. I WANT MY HOG TO BE LET ALONE.

‘FROM OUR ENGLISH FILES.

‘THERE is no kind of nobility that we pay enough respect to in this country. It is very different with JOHN BULL, as witness the following remarks at a public meeting. Mr. SCRIMMONS said :

‘In rising to reply to the Noble Lord, he hoped that the Noble Lord would do justice to the sentiments of respect which he cherished for the Noble Lord. He also begged that the Noble Lord would, in that spirit of liberality which distinguished the Noble Lord, understand that he was prompted by no desire to think differently from the Noble Lord. He believed that the Noble Lord and himself had always hitherto agreed on all matters which concerned the common weal; and if the Noble Lord would be pleased to remember, he had stood side by side in many a well-fought battle for ancient privileges with the Noble Lord. As to the present subject, he would inform the Noble Lord that if there was a diversity of opinion betwixt himself, he meant to say betwixt the Noble Lord and himself, and there undoubtedly *was* a diversity, (*hear, hear,*) that difference was no more than the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee. (*Applause.*) But he would assure the Noble Lord that if the Noble Lord would search the records to satisfy any doubt which might remain on the mind of the Noble Lord, the Noble Lord would find that the facts which he should present ought to have some weight on the mind of the Noble Lord. A few of these had already been presented by the Committee for the consideration of the Noble Lord, and he would ask the Noble Lord to go with him while he should make other statements to the Noble Lord, if he might presume to claim, for a few moments, the attention of the Noble Lord!

‘FOR THE GOTHAM CHRONICLE.

‘MR. EDITOR: Mr. TIFFIT gives his advice to a friend on the subject of temperance much in this wise, which, in my opinion, is just as good as no advice at all :

‘I'm not starched, I'm not over particular, but if you valy your own health or *standing*, do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.

'Ef you 're in the mountain Highlands, and the old gentleman sends you up a leetle potion of Mountain-Dew in the mornin' as you lie in bed, it is pure, and is the custom of the country. Take it, but *do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.*

'I would not say if you made a morning call upon a friend and wine were offered that you should look sour, and say it was too early, and that you never imbibed before dinner. Never forget your politeness, but do n't be *a-drinkin' all the time.*

'When you take your lunch, if ale is on the table, and others drink it, it ain't for you to be singular — it may do you good at that hour if any — you may drain your tankard ; but *do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.*

'When dinner comes, if you have the best of wines, then it is lawful for you to partake liberally, and do n't be stingy of them if you have a friend ; but *do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.*

'If a night-cap shall be given you before you go to bed, do n't throw it down jist like the monkeys in the fable. *Try it on — your head — but — e-ick-uc — do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.*

'We think such advice is callated to do harm.

PHILPOT.

—
'FOR THE GOTHAM CHRONICLE.

'MR. EDITOR : NO SIR-REE had a pretty long run, and is not out of date quite yet. But one of the quaintest, quietest, most musical, and most engaging forms of acquiescence is in the new and popular phrase of '*That's so,*' which is working its way into common parlance. It is a great creation of genius, like all other great creations formed of nothing, for who can tell where it first came from ? Who first enunciated the acceptable phrase ? It is so slightly peculiar, so modestly proverbial — three words alone and one abbreviated by apostrophe — so relieved from the vulgarity of No Sir-ree — so almost suited to an Attic dialect, that many and many a time you may have heard it before the sensitive ear began to suspect that it was slightly tinged with slang. It is a soothing assent, grateful to the auricular sense of one who speaks perhaps oracular nonsense, when the placid hearer removes his pipe a moment from his mouth, lifts up his eyes, and with a cast of countenance most amiable, and expressing perfect satisfaction with all which has been said, replies, '*That's so !*' A compliment indeed ! The thing is proved ; no further argument is necessary. It is a harmless, inoffensive form of words which we are sure will flourish, when vulgar No-Sir-ree is heard no more. I had been telling a plain tale, a plain statement of facts, to a most comfortable-looking man, with a belly somewhat corpulent. He had that introverted, quiet look, which those have who wear spectacles. When I had got through, the light brought itself to a focus in his glasses as he looked up, and without the least attempt at controversy, simply answered : '*That's so !*' It was like a bar of music, like a cadence which comes from a 'harp of a thousand strings — sperrits of just men made perfeck.' CRITIC.'

Right, Mr. CHRONICLE : '*That's so !*' - - HAVE you seen '*Darley's Margaret ?*' was among the very first questions asked us, (save the usual salutation,) by the very first friend we met in town, after a prolonged absence of some ten days. Fortunately, we could answer in the affirmative. We had seen it : and our *first* feeling was one of unqualified pleasure, that we had hailed the author of '*MARGARET,*' at the outset, (when others passed his work by with cold neglect,) as a man of true genius : and we ask our old readers *now*, to turn to our notices of '*MARGARET*' and '*RICHARD EDNEY,*' and see how surely we predicted the ultimate appreciation of the

writer's *wonderfully* natural and truthful limnings from NATURE. And DARLEY was 'his man' to 'embody' his characters to the eye; and he has *done* it: and done it too in a manner so appreciative, so lovingly, that we can only say, Bravo, AUTHOR and ARTIST! — '*par nobile fratrum!*' Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, than whom there is no better critic, either of literature or art, in our metropolis, says well and truly of this work: 'We only repeat the unanimous judgment of the first critics and artists in America, when we pronounce it the most beautiful gift-book ever issued from the American press. The thirty illustrations contained in it are the fruit of eleven years of assiduous and loving study, by an artist who, perhaps, has no rival in the department of art which he has chosen. They are exclusively American, or rather Yankee, in subject and treatment, and re-produce, with most admirable fidelity, the peculiar phases of nature and of human character which characterize the rural localities of New-England. The tale of 'MARGARET' itself stands without an equal as a portraiture of the homely scenes of country life in Maine. The familiar personages, the landscapes, the every-day occurrences, the periodical festivities — such as the bee hunts, the camp-meeting and the husking — and the dash of tragedy which once in a life-time, possibly, may break the monotonous annals of village history, are all sketched with a vividness and truth of local coloring which would put to shame the pencil of an artist with a genius less original and sympathetic than DARLEY's.' Every word true: and we have but three or four lines to add, 'in conclusion:' and they are to the following effect, viz.: In the first place, 'MARGARET' is a god-send 'in society.' Is your company dull? Here is a *night's talk*, comparative, artistic, suggestive, all before your eyes: some fair one leaning over your shoulder to look, as you explain; others stretching their beautiful necks to *see*, as well as hear; and all and every body about the table agog to survey what is so felicitously depicted. It was well that such luxuriance of paper and print, such lavish expenditure in the production of *externals*, should have accompanied such artistic excellence; and that REDFIELD, Number 34 Beekman-street, should 'be the MAN to see it done.' But what else could be expected of *him*, by those who know 'his works and his ways?' - - - WE cannot resist the inclination, and we are not going to *try* to do it, to present an extract or two from the *Preface to K. N. Pepper's New Volume*, heretofore mentioned in the KNICKERBOCKER as being then ready for the press. It is by the great Pote's relative, and 'next friend,' and is an extremely characteristic production. How fervent his admiration, how warm his eulogy of the '*Genius*' PEPPER! — extending back to his earliest years and his 'first efforts' to 'climb *Pegasus!*' But read — read:

'My young friend, the Editer and part Author of this book, Informs me that, having wrote a great many prefaces for it — some Hundred, I think I Understood him to say, and finding the last one somewhat poorer than the first, which he Declares was not fit to be perused before a Dog or other animal, he will Depend on me to Do it for him. I gladly Undertake almost Any thing for a friend like what he is: but I Confess my pulse runs to 80 when I Surrender myself to the Task.

'Preface is hard to write for the Generality of Mankind. Mankind are not use to it. When they go to write on it, they can Not think of any thing to say. It is Completely so now. Mr. M — said, (I remember his Words): 'Now, no Fooling, Mr. Podd.

None of your nonsense. Be plain, brief, and to the point.' To *Say* this is uncommonly easy; but to *Do* it is particularly Different.

'In my Opinion, a Work of Literatoor ought to be its *own* Excuse: or else it should be Consigned to the fire, or perhaps Mutilated by Tairing. As long as the Wonderful genus of PEPPER consents to Illuminate a Book, that Book, in my opinion can Not need a Excuse. I may be Mistaken, but that is my Opinion.

'But to think Different, is the Lot of Mankind. Mankind scarcely ever Agrees. Mr. M—— thinks perhaps he himself has not Done as well as he might, and says he is Afraid he will be Overshadowed by Mr. PEPPER's genus, and thrown into a unpleasant Shade by that Individual. That Effect will of course be Produced. I expect to share that Gloom with him. But we should be Proud to Prostrate ourselves at the Foot of GENUS, regardless of its Size; and let our Gaze wander up his lims and body, until it rests with Satisfaction on his glorious Feachers. Mr. M—— has (1) Talents and (2) Education, but no (3) Genus: Mr. PEPPER has (3) Genus and (1) Talents, but no (2) Education; (1) and (3) hiding (2) Pretty Much. From this Statement—made not without Study—it is so vividly Apparent as to be quite Plane that PEPPER is (to Employ the Language of Racers and inferier men) A-head.

'Upon my showing the Foregoing to Mr. M——, he Remarkd that I had Done it. That is what I intended. I Meant to Do it. I am glad he is Satisfied. He says he will not Detain me any Longer, now, and will Continue the Subject of himself *himself*, in another Department.

'My Readers must not be Offended if I take my Leaf before an Introduction. I act for Another; and when he Demands, in a Imperative voice: 'Go,' I must of course Stop.

P. P. P.'

Mr. Podd accompanies his preface with a small package of biography, the 'better to unfold his revered relative from that buckler of obscurity which was once the principal garment of that infant Genus.' We subsect a 'piece-t:

'A CREEK. A House, a lowly Tenement, on that creek. A Box, a Small boy, in that creek, Paddling. Geese in the Distance. That Creek, every Drop of which is sacred, is Squab Creek. That Tenement is the Residence of the elder Mr. PEPPER. Geese are his. But who is the Child with the Golden Locks? That is the future Individual, Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq. He Paddles as only a Poet *can* Paddle: and grows up as only a Poet *can* grow up.

'Genus tells him he must not mind his Father: and he does Not mind that Father. He had been destined to Dig. Genus *Dig*? Genus can Not Dig: genus *does* not Dig! He Soars, living on Apples. But that great and mighty Spirit could not express itself in a manner to do justice to hardly Any thing. It often felt Ashamed of itself. Only once (in its twelf year) did it do much. But what more do we want? What will we *have*!

'Here it is, with the stile preserved. It has been in my Possession upward of ten year; and I know it is Gennine. Notice how Brief it is.

Artishin.

'WEN i go a fishin
i kepe a wishin
With al mi mite
far fish to Bite.
Wen i ketch smal i
i fele no fun
Wen i ketch bigger

demosthens 4 corns 5 guly.

i say thats the figer
of you was moar fish
ide hev mi wish.
after al ive tryde
i ant Satisfyde.
fishin is smal
onles you git good Hol.

'How Wonderful and Good that is! Genus was then but *twelve*!

'As Mr. PEPPER may Prefer to write an Auto Birography of himself *himself*, I cannot be asked to Do it without Pain. The World would rather I would not. The World will wait with Pleasure for Mr. PEPPER. It will be enough if I say that after his Feast of Genus at twelve I watched over the tender Twig of Mr. PEPPER's Brain until it grew into the Hardened Wood you now see it.

'He often had pains in his Bowels. Severe as they was, he bore them. It does me good to write: He Bore Them. His Genus told him not to take Campher. He did *not* take Campher. No true Poet will repine at the Severity of internal Pains. They School him: they make him Great.

'If he had not gone into the Country, to be alone, and commune with the Voice of NATURE, he would not have wrote to me. Then my name would never appeared to a Note in the KNICKERBOCKER. But when that letter came, I knew it belonged to the World. And in giving it to the Owner, I found my Humble Name throwed in.'

And now begins the 'Gossip' proper. - - - A THOUSAND-and one times has the question been asked us, 'C——, why do n't you go abroad? I am sure you would be delighted: you enjoy so much even the brief trips which you occasionally make from the metropolis.' To which query it is our wont to reply, 'Dr. FRANKLIN says that *'time is money;'* we have n't *'time'* to go.' Ah! but *should n't* we love to visit Europe, though! How many times have we *dreamed* of walking about London; visiting Westminster Abbey, St. PAUL's, the Tower, etc. ! And one night, not two months since, so vivid was the vision, that we said to ourselves, (strolling at the time through Westminster Abbey,) 'Well, *now* we are really in London! — *now* we are in Westminster Abbey: we can touch its venerable walls:' and we saw in our dream that we reached forth our hand and touched the side of the wall in 'Poet's Corner;' but it was only the cool wall of our bed-room, that brought us to ourself: we 'awoke, and behold it was a dream,' once more. But after all, since we can't go, we do feel sorry for foreign travellers: like DIBDIN's sailor, who 'pitied the folks ashore,' in such a storm as he was having at sea. Ha! ha! what sad times they *do* have, 'to be sure!' Just listen to the lamentations of only one of them:

'THE pleasures of travelling! Where are they? I have chased them on the ocean and by land, on the mountain and in the valley, and in every part of the globe. What fools men and women are to seek pleasure in travelling! To eat unwholesome food, dealt out at hotels by the plate-full. Cooked! Well! 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' To sleep in beds, where all kinds of unclean persons have slept before you; made up slovenly and never suited to one's taste; too short, too narrow, too warm, or too cold; to attempt to talk another language than your mother-tongue, and to fail miserably, and, therefore, to be taken to be a fool by ignorant cab-drivers and lazy porters; to be the plaything of gens-d'armes, and the butt of proud officials; to have your luggage pried into by custom-house officials, those pests of commerce; to be under constant excitement about the next place you stop at, and dreading an arrival and a departure as equally entailing upon you numberless drafts upon your purse and your patience; to be a lonely being, without kith or kin, without a friend, and then, when from the necessity of the case, you try to pick up travelling acquaintance, you are repulsed or flayed; to throw away hard-earned money by the handful for all this; to be constantly in doubtful company, (for as an old traveller, I may as well confess it, the better people of a country stay at home;) to be led about, like a big baby, by guides, into old ruins, antiquated churches; to celebrated spots, beautiful views, and places of historic interest; and to listen to the cold and parrot-like gibberish of these guides, who for once change places with you, and talk to you as bad English as you talk French or German, (and there *is* a little gratification in that;) to ride on obstinate donkeys, or to be cramped into a stage-coach, or hustled into a railroad-car, where always some body has been before you and occupies the best place, (in your opinion;) to have all your ideas of the superlative greatness and beauty of your native land successfully questioned, by the ever-ready sophism: 'What made you leave it and come here?' to get out of conceit with your own country by running round the

world and seeing so many beautiful spots, where, by looking at the outside, you think folks live happy; to spend dollars for nothing, and then to remember how 'the folks at home' save cents to be humbugged on tinsel show — grandiloquent sign-boards — deceitful rail-road, steam-boat, or other advertisements, and to have to call all this 'splendid,' 'beautiful,' or to get into some other superlative, transcendent, descriptive mood; in short, to be a waif, cast abroad by your own restlessness; or by the advice of a doctor, who sees nothing to cure in you, sends you adrift to be cured by hard rubbing; to be a moving '*thing*,' the property of travelling agents, hotel-keepers, cabmen, porters, chamber-maids, guides, *gens-d'armes*, custom-house officers; of any body but yourself; to be so full of travelling cares as to forget your home cares; and then, after all this, to be taken for a spleeny *Englishman*. No, no! the Russian is right: '*The earth is beautiful everywhere, but at home it is best!*' I will go home, stay at home, and when 'Lord Spleen' knocks again at my door, I will laugh at his promptings, and enjoying my family meals, my well-made, clean bed, my own home, my own home scenes, laugh at the troubles of that loathsome mass — the travelling world.'

There, fellow 'home-bodies' from compulsion, read the foregoing and be happy. Who wants to travel? It's a miserable waste of time and money, is n't it? 'Jes'-so — yes!' - - - JOB 'BYLES,' a Boston correspondent of '*The Tribune*' daily journal, in one of his epistles before the election, said: 'It seems to me that some arrangement should be made as to duels between Northern and Southern men. The only safe place for both parties will be exactly along MASON AND DIXON'S Line. The Northern combatant should stand on the Free side of the Line, and the Southern man on the Slave side, *and fire across it!*' This reminds us of an occurrence which happened in our State before duelling was abolished by one of the laws of its Legislature. A member of the Assembly, if we remember rightly, from St. Lawrence county, was challenged by some valiant *Horspur*, for personalities in debate. The challenge was at once accepted; but being the challenged party, he selected broad-swords, and they were to stand opposite to each other, on different sides of the St. Lawrence, where it was about a mile wide! 'Surely, you cannot be serious! — this is *subterfuge*, Sir!' was the indignant response of the second. 'Why,' asked the intended victim of the code, whose origin was in Yankee-land, 'ain't I the challenged party? Hain't I a right to choose my weapons and the place?' 'Yes, but not *such* weapons, with such a *position*. Why not take the *gentleman's* arm?' 'What's that? — pistils?' 'Certainly.' 'Very good: pistils be it. We'll meet on 'Sugar-loaf-Hill,' (it's all clear on top,) at six o'clock to-morrow morning.' This was 'satisfactory:' and in the morning they went as appointed. The terms were, that they were to 'stand back to back, march forward ten paces, and then turn and fire. The word was given, and they stepped off; but by the time they had taken the last pace they were out of sight of each other, on opposite sides of the conical hill! The challenger's second was furious, and his 'principal' rampant. 'You are a coward, Sir! — a COWARD!' 'Wal, I know that, and so *did you*, or you would n't have challenged me!' was the only answer vouchsafed to the discomfited duelist. In company with his second, he marched down the steep hill which they had toiled up at so unseasonable an hour, muttering curses not loud but uncommonly deep. This was the last 'duel' that was (or rather *was n't*) fought in St. Lawrence county. - - - THE 'Commissioners of Works'

in England have reflected high honor upon themselves and their country in their liberal proposals for a model of a mural statue to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, to be placed in St. PAUL's Cathedral. The proposals are open to *all* artists, native or foreign; and we look for lively competition on this side the water. The very liberal prizes offered are: for the nine most approved designs, seven hundred, five hundred, three hundred, and two hundred pounds respectively, and one hundred pounds each for the remaining five. 'The foremost man' has the option of contracting for the work. AMERICAN SCULPTORS! go to sculpin' to-once-t! Again: certain street and architectural improvements are to be made in the neighborhood of Whitehall, London. The proposals of designs for *these* are also open to our American ARCHITECTS. Three designs are required, which are thus presented by our contemporary, Mr. YOUNG, of 'The Albion' weekly gazette, with whom are the plans, measurements, etc.:

'ONE is to comprise a scheme for concentrating the principal Government Offices on a given site. Another is for an official residence for the Foreign Secretary, with all facilities for the transaction of the business of his Department. The third is for the use of the Secretary for War and the various officers serving under him, but without the arrangements for entertainment or dwelling, demanded in the case of the Foreign Secretary. For the latter, 'all the requirements of a Nobleman's Town-House,' are to be planned; and these include *inter alia*, a state dining-room to accommodate fifty persons, and five drawing-rooms *en suite* for the reception of fifteen hundred visitors. Every injunction betokens the wish for combined convenience and solidity, and bespeaks a splendid edifice. The prizes offered are liberal. For the three most approved general Designs, five hundred pounds, two hundred pounds, and one hundred pounds respectively; for the seven best, for the two buildings to be erected, prizes in each case of eight hundred pounds, five hundred pounds, three hundred pounds, two hundred pounds, and three of one hundred pounds.'

That there will be a very general competition in both of the above-named instances, is perhaps not to be doubted. The money-inducement, simply, is certainly not large, in comparison with American orders for the works of American artists; but the credit of success, in a competition of this sort, should weigh somewhat in the balance. - - - THROUGH a friend, writing from Hudson, Wis., we derive the following pleasant *salmagundi*:

'PERMIT me to relate the following, brought to mind by the perusal of your September number.

'Mr. G —, a veteran lawyer of Syracuse, used to tell a story of a client, an impetuous old farmer by the name of MERRICK, who in olden times had a difficulty with a cabinet-maker. As was usual in such cases, the matter excited a good deal of interest among the neighbors, who severally allied themselves with one or the other of the contending parties. At length, however, to the mutual disappointment of the allies, the principals effected a compromise, by which MERRICK was to take, in full of all demands, the cabinet-maker's note for forty dollars, at six months, 'payable in cabinet ware.'

'Lawyer G — was called upon to draft the necessary papers to consummate the settlement, which, having been duly executed and delivered, the latter was supposed to be fully and amicably arranged.

'G — saw no more of the parties until about six months after, when one morning, just as he was opening his office, old Mr. MERRICK came riding furiously up, dismounted, and rushed in, defiantly exclaiming: 'I say, 'Squire, *am I bound to take coffins?*'

'It seems, on the note falling due, the obstinate cabinet-maker had refused to pay him in any other way!

'Quite a different mode of presenting a case to a lawyer is exhibited by some of our German citizens:

'J —, a jeweler in the neighboring city of Stillwater, (we have no *villages* here,) was lately sued in an action of replevin for a watch. The following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, of his statement of the case, as drawn up by himself, and submitted to his legal adviser. The original I found in a law-book which was unaccountably *returned*, after having been *borrowed*, and in which the document had been used as a mark :

"EXPLANATION of the facts in the case of Brock against myself the respectful undersigned which will be before the justice of the peace of Stillwater the 13th day of September, 1856.

"Wednesday the 10 day of September, a young man by the name of Brock, made appearance at my office: he brought with him a silver sillinder watch in order to get it repaired, to keep good time, *which it did not before as he said*. He asked me what it would be worth to fix said watch, which of course I could not tell him, because it is impossible to *see outside, what wants to be done inside of a watch*. After that Brock demanded to know what I intended to do with his watch, which in my opinion nobody's business is what means I take, to bring watches given to my care, in regular time, and *even therefore* it is not his (Brock's) business do know it. I told him I will fix the watch right, and will charge him what is earning to me honestly.

"By this single thrust, Brock was satisfied and left the watch with me, as he said he wants to get it bak well done, on the next day. I therefore to go every trouble out the way be sure on that very same day, to get my work done by the promised time.

"Next day Brock came in, brought the ticket, given to him by me as usual, and I handed his watch to him, which was at that time in the best order. He, however, refused to pay me the price at \$20.00 charged to him honestly for my work: he offered to pay me 50 cents, whit which as he said, and as he understands this work, I would be very well paid. As I never can agree for such a trade, I explained the accuser in fair manner, in presence of my wife and some other persons to pay me, or return the watch: he however refused to *do either one of both*. I therefore in order to get what I fairly and honestly charged, was bound to take back said watch: he however, mad from my doing made in presence of my lady the mark g — d —, and rose his hand to knock my show-case in pieces, which intention however my lady interrupted, as she kepted back his arm. As, however the accuser seen that he could not do what him pleased, left the office and seved me up at the justice of the peace. Mr. JOHXSTON, the sheriff of the county, then made his appearance, and demanded the watch, on instruction of the justice of the peace—told me however that I would get the pay after the trial was over.

"If this way is lawful in the Terr. of Minnesota is unknown to me, and I therefore give it in the hands of my Attorney Mr. Tomson which will better know it, and will take the most necessary means to beware myself in the future from such interruption

'Very Respectfully, 'O. C. J —.'

'I have not learned the result of the suit, but presume the following questions were argued and settled on the trial:

'FIRST: Whether, under the circumstances, the accuser ought not to have had time?

'SECOND: If the watch was injured in the scuffle, what effect that would have on the case, and whether the plaintiff ought to have brought an action on the case or an action on the watch?

'THIRD: Whether the sheriff would have the right to carry the watch, *pendente lite*?

'FOURTH: What became of the chain?'

'In consequence of the legal acumen which we have heretofore displayed in the decision of knotty law-cases in the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' the foregoing is submitted to us for final adjudication. We will take home the papers, and report (D. V.) hereafter. - - - We removed our household gods and goods on one occasion, 'in the spring-time o' the year,' to Number Seventy, Seventh-street, two doors from First-Avenue. (By the by, an inconvenient direction to give; for 'once a man' he took a load of hickory wood for us up to *Seventy-seventh-street*, two doors from First-Avenue! mistaking the number for the name of the street!) We had at last got 'all moved.' It was the second day of May, and very warm: and we had been

hard at work since morning, 'putting things to rights,' hanging pictures in the sanctum, etc., assisted by an old friend, the 'willingest creetur' that ever was,' and the 'handiest man about a house' — six feet and upward in height, and stalwart in proportion. By and by we became an hungered: dinner was out of the question in the house: so, 'accoutred as we were,' without a vestment, save under-clothes and thin sack-coats, we repaired to a restaurant, at the head of the street, kept by a 'color'd gemman.' Every thing looked neat and tidy: and we ordered two nice 'stews' of oysters, and two glasses of pale ale. All were forthcoming, and presently devoured with abundant relish. 'How much are we to pay?' 'Three shillings, gentlemen.' We felt for our change; but *vest-pocket* there was none, because there was no *vest*. We explained to our friend our 'fix,' and asked *him* to disburse. But as DOGBERRY says, 'Fore heaven, we were both in a case!' He had left *his* waist-coat behind, in the pocket of which he was wont to carry alike bank-notes and small silver, and 'had n't the first red cent.' We put on our hats, remarking that the money should be sent up at once from the house. 'No,' said the sable *restorateur*, 'I want my money *now*. I don't keep i'ster-house on tick.' We explained that we had just moved into the street, and gave him the number; repeating that by mere chance we happened not to have the money. 'Can't help *that*,' was the surly reply: 'seen sich chaps as you *afore*.' Our tall friend began to be 'riled.' Drawing himself up to his full height, he said: 'Do I look like a man who would cheat you out of *three shillings*!?' The negro gave his long-tailed stew-pan a shake over the grate, and ran a rapid glance over the questioner, and replied: 'Yes, I think *you do*! — any way, I want my *money*!' How do you think we got it, reader? Why, we left our tall friend in pawn; wickedly prolonged his confinement, 'just for fun;' and finally redeemed him. How loftily he walked down the street, after his discharge; and how often we have laughed at so eminently presentable and 'personable' a man being 'placed in pawn for three shillings!' *He* has never forgotten it, and never will. - - - A VERY good specimen of American newspaper humor is afforded in a burlesque account from the Cuba '*American Banner*,' of the first passage of an old scow-built, bass-wood-bottomed canal-packet, called the '*Mount Morris*,' on the Genesee Valley Canal, 'bound to Cuba, and thence to Olean.' Her captain was FINK, and he was armed with a pocket-pistol loaded to the muzzle with (spiritual) ammunition, that would kill at eighty rods:

'In the afternoon all our resident population gathered upon the banks of the Canal to witness the arrival of the gallant bark. But alas! for the uncertainty of human events! The last rays of the setting sun gilded the horizon; the dews of evening were falling fast on that anxious crowd, who were every moment expecting to hear the bugle-blast of the approaching packet; but an ominous silence rested upon the scene. Seven o'clock, and no signs of the expected boat. But hark! the clatter of a horse's hoofs is heard from the direction of Cadyville. Soon a solitary horseman is seen galloping across Mud-Street Bridge. His gallant steed covered all over with foam, mud, and glory, so that HALL, the owner, did not recognize him. It proved to be HAMMOND, the first-mate of the boat, with dispatches to the Canal Office.

"What of the packet?" is the simultaneous shout of the assembled multitude, 'and is it all well with the brave and chivalrous FINK?'

The haggard look, the tearful eye of the rider, anticipated the sorrowful intelligence he brought, but we give it in his own words:

"We arrived at Summitville at eight o'clock; inquired the way and examined the

pistol. Proceeded to Black Creek corners, where we made another *long* examination, and then hastened to the dock, where we arrived at precisely nine. Capt. Fink sent out a foraging party of one for some lunch, and then commenced getting the tow-line ready, reefed the maintopsail, hauled in the quarter sheet, spread the canvas on the jib-boom, manned the yard-arms, and prepared to weigh anchor.

"At this time the skies were calm, and every thing bade fair for complete success. The packet was under full head of canvas, and captain and crew three sheets in the wind.

"At ten o'clock the boatswain's shrill whistle called all hands to their posts. Clouds began to gather, but nothing could daunt our gallant Captain. Placing the speaking-trumpet to his mouth, he thundered forth: 'Weigh anchor!' and up came the massive '*brick*' with which it had been so securely held. 'Hard up to the starboard!' again belched forth the trumpet; and just then the gathering storm struck her mid-ships, careened her on the lee-shore, carried away both the main and mizzen-masts, and left her a helpless hulk at the mercy of the waves and winds. Another fearful gust of wind, a wild yell of agony and despair, and a gurgling of the waters as she went down, is all I can tell you of the ship or her crew!

"Thus our village, which in the morning was all enthusiasm and joy, is at evening filled with mourning and lamentation, for one of the most terrible accidents that ever occurred on the Genesee Valley *Ca-nawl*."

'ROLANTHE,' who sends us some lines entitled '*Young Farmers' Wives*,' is a boy of fifteen. 'Pretty good,' 'very fair,' Master 'ROLANTHE,' for a boy, as two verses will show:

'BUST in the kitchen
With the cheese and milk,
Dressed in gowns of gingham,
Looking good as silk;
Now the cream a-skimming
Out of shining pans,
Then the butter working
With their busy hands:
Not a moment losing,
Precious is the time:
Thus the wives of farmers
Lay up many a dime.

'Forms are sound and robust,
Never knowing 'stays';
Cheeks as red as roses,
In the summer days:
Each a goodly model,
Healthy, active, fair—
Spirits ever cheerful,
Caused by country air:
Doubly blest the farmer
With a wife like this:
His a goodly portion
Of Earth's fleeting bliss.'

'ROLANTHE' may 'try once more.' - - - Two 'little things' more from *The Children*. Let 'em talk: by-and-by they will be children no more, until (belike as old men and women) they renew the Childhood of the Soul in a 'Better Land.' (Would that our friend E. S. were here now, to sing for us, '*I would I were a Boy again!*') A lady-friend, whose kind and flattering 'good words' cheer us as we write, says: 'A little cousin of ours, quite unwilling to go to bed, as her mother thought was the rule for all lisping children, was one night persuaded to say 'Good night' to the circle, and to go quietly with her to her room. Not a token of resistance was made; and after LULU was laid in her little bed, her mother bade her 'Good night,' and was leaving the room: 'Say 'Good morning, LULU, mamma,' said the little one. 'Good morning, LULU.' 'Then let me get up, if it is *morning*,' was the cunning reply.' — EVERY body's crows are of course the blackest: but our '*last*, not least,' a wee bairn of 'four-and-an'-aäf,' is 'pooty peart' too. The other day, we were carving a famous Turkey, and were helping a friend to a 'bit' which he desired, as an accessory to the main 'supply' upon his plate: 'Fåder, what is *that*?—what is it?—what is it?—what is it, Fåder?'—reiterating the query, which wouldn't have ceased until now, had we not interrupted it by answering: 'It is the *Pope's Nose*,' little boy—the last thing that jumps over the fence with the hen. '*Poke's*

Nose, Fåder?' 'Yes, darling.' 'Does he *poke his nose over the fence, Fåder?*' 'Comment is unnecessary.' That child, young as he is, can discriminate beans intuitively; and when it commences to rain, the celerity with which he 'comes in' would do credit to maturer years. - - - 'HAVE you ever read,' asks 'M. E. S.,' 'the following lines? I clip them from a collection of 'good things' belonging to my brother. They were probably written by one of the 'B'hoys' to his inamorata:

'AND when the reverend sire shall say,
'My son, take thou this daughter,'
I'll answer him, in joyous tone,
'I shan't do nothin' shorter!'

'Will you, my son, support and nourish
This flower I give to thee?'
I'll give my yellow kids a flourish,
And answer, 'Yes, Sir-ee!'

Not quite new, 'as we do *guess*.' - - - THE subjoined, from a correspondent, who appends it as a kind of note to a brief poem, is curious and well told: 'In a pleasant, quiet valley of the good old commonwealth of Connecticut stands '*The Old House*.' It was a stately place in the beginning, when the red men looked out from the solemn woods which drew close around it, upon its peaked gables, or sought the warmth of its ample hearth; and even now, in its green old age, it has a noble aspect. Benedictions be upon it, for it was a haunt of my childhood! There is a curious incident connected with its early history. Its first proprietor was a Royal Arch Mason, devoted to 'the ORDER,' and like SOLOMON, he 'builted his house of cedar.' The walls within were curiously painted; the halls with urns, surrounded with flowers. There was one large chamber, which was designed for meetings of the 'Lodge.' On one of the walls, the 'carpet' or symbols of 'the ORDER,' were painted. A great, calm EYE, into which the artist had thrown strange power, looked down from the top, with the legend around it, '*Sit lux et lux fuit*;' and beneath were the heavenly host, and the stately pillars, JACHIN and BOAZ, with a springing arch above, and a BIBLE opened at Psalms, with a pair of compasses upon it, and triple candles burning before it; NOAH's ark with the dove returning on wearied and drooping wing; the level and the square; and a black coffin, with ghastly bones crossed upon it, etc.; and on either side, the motto, '*Amor Honor et Justitia*.' The opposite side of the room was wainscoted, with an arching cornice. Now the wife of the proprietor had a curious, inquiring mind; so she caused the workman to remove a small portion of the floor in the garret by the broad square chimney, and to cut a hole in the cornice, of the size and shape of a human eye. Dropping down there during the frequent meetings of the 'Lodge,' and putting her eye to the aperture, she could over-look the whole proceedings. Presently, the members became conscious that something was wrong. The Great Eye looked at them with singular pertinacity and significance, and Solomon's temple refused absolutely to be builded. After a while, they learned that the lady had 'spied out their secret ways,' but not until she had organized a *Female Lodge*, and initiated half-a-dozen members, all of whom they incorporated, under the sanction of their own oaths. Many

a time in my young days have I looked up at that opening in the ceiling and wondered at that strange, brave woman, and her knowledge of 'occult mysteries.' And always, through years and changes, that still, unwinking Eye follows me; and the influences of that old 'lodge-room' have done much in moulding both my mind and character.' - - - It is astonishing what an enormous quantity of knowledge a human noddle, not bigger than a shaved cocoa-nut or a middling-sized summer-squash, can hold! 'Such were our reflections,' when we read the long epistle of 'T. P. S.' of Oneida, imparting to us 'information' concerning the Indian character, manners, customs, etc.; 'information' with which every school-boy of fifteen years, in the State of New-York, we venture to say, is entirely familiar. And as for ourselves, were n't we born almost among the Red Men, within eight miles of Onondaga 'Indian Castle?' Haven't we seen the 'White Dog' burnt there? Haven't we seen half-a-dozen Indians asleep at a time, with their moccasin'd feet stretched out toward the beech and maple wood-fire that of a cold winter night roared up the broad jambs of our old homestead? — old 'JIM BEECH-TREE,' among the rest, who whiskey loved, and cider? We say 'Thank 'ee,' of course, to our correspondent for his trouble, but we've 'been there.' When his book is out, 'T. P. S.' must send us a copy. It is an Indian story, called *The Wockenquack, or the Yell'd-to-Death of the Wickengquock.* The title is 'suggestive!' - - - One of the 'good things' which accrue to a candidate 'up' for an honorable public station before the people, is the opportunity which it gives him to set at rest, and forever, some old calumny against his character. This thought occurred to us, in reading a little pamphlet, issued previous to the election, by Mr. SAMUEL HALLETT, of Hornellsville, in this State, who was the 'American' candidate for Congress, from the district of Steuben and Yates counties. It was in reply to certain charges against his faithfulness and honor as a business-man, which had been before disposed of and forgotten: and yet *not* forgotten either, for political opponents forget *nothing* that can be brought up, or distorted, against an antagonist, during a heated canvass. The reply in question is open, manly, explicit; meeting every *feature* of the charges with an emphatic denial, and as emphatic *proof*; and the whole conveyed in language as dignified as it is earnest and effective. There: for twenty years, reader, you never encountered so much 'politics' in the KNICKERBOCKER before. But we know Mr. HALLETT, having journeyed and sojourned with himself and other friends, in our trip across Eastern Ohio, and down the beautiful river of that name to Cincinnati, Louisville, etc., last year: and we had occasion to see how, in intricate entanglements of railroad and mining accounts, Mr. HALLETT's clear and quick mind 'brought order out of confusion,' and placed the result in plain black-and-white, so that all was thenceforward 'plain-sailing in an open sea.' Such a man was wanted upon financial committees in Congress; but 'the sovereigns,' as partisans, willed otherwise, it seems. - - - 'ALAS! what have we do!' to be so afflicted? Ah! reader, if you did but know under what circumstances our present departments have been written, you would appreciate the pursuit of editorship 'under difficulties.' First and foremost, there comes

us a 'run-round' on the end of our pen-finger, the second of the right hand. Seven days it continued, and exquisite was the tenderness and pain thereof : even the light cedar shaft of one of ELLIOTT's paint-pencils touching it, almost made us howl. Now so it was, that when *this* began to get well, there came on the first joint (from the hand) of the little finger of the same dexter member, a — CARBUNCLE ! Have n't had boils since boyhood, and *never* a carbuncle before ! If JOB had had carbuncles instead of boils, he never could have stood it — *never* ! He *must* ha' 'gin cōut !' The whole hand, the whole arm, to the elbow, was one throb of excruciating pain. And in this state we wrote every line of our part of this number. Forgive 'short-comings,' therefore, for it was hard work. - - - It certainly was not our intention to 'commit' our piquant correspondent to a series of pictures of Life in the Metropolis : 'it was but our thought : ' and our readers will not be at all sorry to hear from her again, in a parting glance at the glories which surround, and make the charm of, the Connecticut River Valley, in the neighborhood of Northampton :

'DEAR READER: Our EDITOR has promised you that my letter of this month shall be a graphic description of the metropolitan life; but the party most concerned not having been consulted, I do not feel at all obliged to follow this hint, but shall dash a-head as I usually do on the first topic that presents itself :

'But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine:
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

'By-the-by, have you noticed in one of the weekly journals of this city an attempted imitation of my letters ? I should not be surprised if you had not, for truly they were such a feeble attempt, that I should never have suspected it myself, if it had not been pointed out by a friend.

'And now I wish distinctly to state, that when I say 'dear reader,' I *do* not use the phrase, as other writers do, merely as a form of expression intended for the public generally.

'These letters are not written for the world at large, but for the gratification of *the few* who are really and truly *dear* to me: for those who will read them kindly, because understandingly, and dwell on them lovingly because *I* wrote them. As for others, those who choose to sneer, and criticise, and question, they are welcome so to do, if it give them pleasure. I heed them not, for they are no more capable of understanding me than the mousing owl is of following the eagle when he soars to bask in the sun-rays.

'I have been told that the old volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER in *some* libraries, opened of themselves to my articles, and I am just vain enough to believe it. I know that there are dear eyes, whose light I no more see, that will sometimes brighten as they read my careless lines, because of the pleasant memories they serve to recall; memories of golden hours, whose brightness is only dimmed by the thought that they can never be brought back again : but they can never be forgotten either :

'For there are memories that will not vanish.
Thoughts of the past we have no power to banish :
To show the soul how powerless were will,
For we may struggle and yet suffer still ;
It is not at our choice that we forget,
That is a power no science teaches yet !

The heart may be a dark and closed-up tomb,
But Memory sits a ghost amid the gloom.'

Our EDITOR's suggestion keeps coming up to my mind, and makes me think of the time when I used to write 'compositions' on given subjects for my friend Mr. Mc M —, and I wonder whether, among his other 'Souvenirs,' he has any remembrance of those days,

'Those merry days when I was young?'

and if in all his 'Saunterings' he has ever encountered such a troublesome little chatter-box as I used to be? Ah! I can see him now, as he used to look up at me with an assumed gravity that did n't sit very well on his young shoulders; and there was a twitching round the corners of the mouth, and a merry twinkle of the eyes, seen in spite of the spectacles, that showed me my jokes were appreciated, though they were reproved with such becoming dignity! Yes, those were happy times, those days of BLAIR's Rhetoric and ROLLIN's History, and it was n't my tutor's fault that more of them did n't get into my head.

'My thoughts have been busy with the past to-night, and as I sat here in the twilight, memory wandered back to Round-Hill and brought back a pleasant chain of remembrances connected therewith — first among which stands the image of my lovely friend, Mrs. H —

'A WOMAN of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
... and would that on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry and weariness a name!'

'I frankly confess I lost my heart to her, and it is certainly the first time I ever fell in love with a woman!

'You do n't want me to write you about city life, do you, dear reader? Let me tell you more about Round-Hill, for I love it better than this great city, with its dust and smoke, its follies, its fashions, and its flirtations.

'Our expedition to Springfield stands out in bold relief among the pleasant remembrances of the summer. How happy we all were that afternoon: our hearts were as light and our spirits as gay, as so many children: we laughed and chatted, and made horrid puns all the way there. And then, such a supper as we ate!

'Broiled chickens and oysters, coffee and milk-toast, waffles and honey, disappeared from before us like magic; and the poor gentlemen had to work so hard to keep us supplied, that they stood but a slim chance themselves. The waiters looked on in astonishment, and the landlord said he was sure we came from 'a water-cure,' by the manner in which we 'stowed away the provisions!'

'On the way home, some of us slept, some paid attention to their digestions, and some looked out upon the stars, and quoted poetry, and grew romantic, and — I believe I won't tell you any further particulars. Suffice it to say, that we arrived at our journey's end in safety, without mishap of any kind to mar the pleasure of the trip. The next morning there was a feather taken off my head, and my friends were unkind enough to say that it had grown there in consequence of the number of chickens I had eaten the evening before. I felt hurt at the allusion, but bore it in silence.

'How we used to gather chestnuts, and what a time we had scouring the country after cider; and when it was finally obtained, how we used to sit in my room in the evening, roast the chestnuts and drink the cider, laughing and chatting merrily the while by the cheerful light of the wood-fire: sometimes we fell into

reveries, and watched the shadows flitting on the wall, and built our castles in the air : and sometimes we — fell asleep.

'Stealing pumpkins to make pies of, was one of our favorite amusements ; and sometimes we stole apples, by way of variety ; and on one of these expeditions we got lost in the meadows, and drove into a corn-field with a skittish young horse, and did n't break our necks ; and no one can accuse us of having

— 'EATEN our venison lean, our apples green ;
Drank unripe wine, or driven our colts unbroken.'

'And now, dear reader, as this letter is rather short, and I am too lazy to make it longer, I intend to eke it out with some lines of poetry, or whatever you please to call it :

'CANST thou forget me ?
Speak, unforgotten one ! speak ! was it a deceit ?
Is all that's past a dream — a cheating dream ?
O unforgotten one ! stretch out to me
The old right-hand of Friendship — stretch it here !

'Canst thou forget
The beauty of the earth, the brightness of the sun ?
The flowers, whose summer lives were almost done
When we two met ?

'Was it our own rejoicing hearts that threw
O'er land and sky that strangely glorious hue ?
For ne'er have I since that remembered hour,
Seen the same beauty in earth, sky, or flower !

'Canst thou forget
How dear that hour was deemed by thee and me ?
How strangely fateful, yet how brief it seemed ?
How sweet, how passing sweet, the dreams we dreamed,
If dreams they be,
Which have so strange a power o'er heart and brain
To make life lovely, or a path of pain.
Dreams are unreal : therefore, call these not
Dreams, which thus beautify or cloud our lot !

J. K. L.

'New-York, November 24th, 1856.'

Such is *our* 'DIE VERNON !' - - - 'The following,' says a contemporary, 'which recently appeared in an English journal, shows the gross carelessness and utter want of thought manifested, on the part of some writers, in preparing their works for publication.' The case referred to is, indeed, an extreme one ; but its main feature, the illegibility of copy, unhappily characterizes the manuscripts of many who write for the press :

'The late SHARON TURNER, author of the 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' who received three hundred a year from Government as a literary pension, wrote the third volume of his 'Sacred History of the World' upon paper which did not cost him a farthing. The copy consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes ; of covers of periodicals — gray, drab, or green — written in thick, round hand, over a small print ; of shreds of curling paper, unctuous with pomatum or bear's grease ; and of the white wrappers in which his proofs were sent from the printer's. The paper, sometimes as thin as a bank-note, was written on both sides ; and was so sodden with ink, plastered on with a pen worn to a stump, that hours were frequently wasted in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. Men condemned to work on it, saw their dinner vanishing in illimitable perspective ; and first-rate hands groaned over it a whole day for ten-pence. One poor fellow assured the writer of this paper that he could not earn enough upon it to pay his rent, and that he had seven mouths to fill beside his own. In the hope of mending matters in some degree, slips of stout white paper were sent frequently with the proofs ; but the good gentleman could not afford to use them, and they never came back as copy.'

Bad copy does not 'obtain' in the printing-office of the KNICKERBOCKER, simply because it do n't *get* there. If a correspondent can't write plainly enough to be easily read by the printers, he will be read by no one in *these*

pages. Articles, otherwise mainly plain, perhaps, in which proper names are carelessly written, are sometimes sent us and published. Corrections of these same names are afterward tendered us. They never appear, and never will. A man who will write so arbitrary a thing as a proper name illegibly, ought to be punished for his carelessness. 'A special edict. Respect this. Tremble and repent!' - - - ONE of the most felicitous *Little Book Enterprises* of the day, is the series of '*Dickens's Little Folk*,' published, in small, compact, and handsomely-printed volumes, by REDFIELD, Number 34 Beekman-street. We had no idea that such complete stories could be *segregated* from DICKENS's varied works, having 'unity, sequence and *con*-sequence.' But here, in these little books, we have, in their 'entirety,' the stories of 'TINY TIM,' 'DOT,' and 'The Fairy Cricket,' from the 'Christmas Stories;' 'The Boys JOE and SAMUEL WELLER,' from 'The PICKWICK PAPERS;' 'DOLLY VARDEN, the Little Coquette,' from 'Barnaby Rudge;' 'The Two Daughters,' (ah, Mr. PECKSNIFF!) from 'MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT;' and 'Dame DURDEN, the Little Woman,' from 'The Bleak House.' And there will be others, of course: for example, 'Little NELL.' Each volume is illustrated, 'to *begin* with,' and well-printed, upon good paper. The 'Prefaces' to each little book we could wish had been dispensed with. The necessity of stating what DICKENS means to represent by his characters, is less apparent, we may assume, than the *pre*-sumption which marks the *as*-sumption that any reader needs to be instructed in this regard. Let us hope to see these adscititious and somewhat ostentatious 'explications' abated. DICKENS never fails to explain himself: he 'knows what he means,' and so do his readers. - - - THE other day, going down to town in the ISAAC P. SMITH, (our favorite boat *par excellence*, and since her recent improvements, as fast a steamer as there is on the Hudson river,) we were exceedingly amused with a half-seas-over individual who was trying to 'play sober.' He would fix his lack-lustre eyes upon you, purse up his mouth, the corners of which were stained with segar-juice; stand up so straight that he leaned over the other way; and sway backward and forward like a loose 'liberty-pole' in a gale of wind. He had a 'long-nine' segar between his teeth, the upper end of which was crushed into the semblance of a tobacco-quid. It had holes in it, evidently; for in smoking it he played upon it as HAMLET played upon the pipe: he 'governed the ventages,' gave it breath with his mouth, and it disgorged most execrable fumes. He spat upon it; rolled, unrolled, and re-rolled the wrappers to it; and patched it with pieces of dirty newspaper. While thus engaged, a white-neckcloth'd clergyman came forward to look after his carpet-bag. 'Hillo!' ejaculated the inebriate, 'that is Dominic D —! He 's a smart man, but he do n't — 'Mornin', Dominic D —: goin down - t - New-York?' 'Yes — that is my purpose,' answered the minister, with dignity. 'Good! so be I — and d — d glad to get good company. I say, look o' here, Dominic, I heerd you last Sunday: you preach pooty good — got a good voice, and your words is smooth as 'ile: but you do n't understand the Skripters. Now I 've read the Skripters, and I know what they be. I read 'em twice - t, when I was a boy, and once sence. I tell you what 't is, Dominic, *it takes a hoss to understand the Skripters!*' The clergyman re-

linquished the search for his travelling-bag, and very suddenly retreated toward the after-cabin. - - - THE obliging friend whose gossiping letter to the EDITOR concludes with :

'LET my epitaph be this :
'He fished, and bred fish :''

shall hear from *us*, and our readers shall hear from *him*, 'when *time* and place shall serve.' It is difficult to think of summer-trouting

'WHILE the chained streams are silent as the ground,
AS DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand !'

Meantime, (if we are alive and well,) we *will be* of 'that party,' and *see* whose luck it shall be to 'wile the biggest trout' from 'the best holes.' We profess to — But no matter : 'BRAG is a good dog,' but a good string of trout, which you caught yourself, 'is better,' 'as the feller said.' By-the-by, did you ever notice, that when a man in a social circle makes use of a 'funny' phrase that does n't '*bite*,' he invariably adds, (finding it too flat to be claimed as original,) 'as the Irishman said,' or, more commonly, 'as the feller said !' How much stupidity 'Irishmen' and 'Fellers' have had to father ! - - - We know of no book-publishers in the United States who are doing so much toward establishing a correct literary taste as MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, of Boston. We sincerely hope and trust that they 'find their account in it : ' that the patronage of the public is ample, if not more than liberal. We have spoken repeatedly of their noble collection of '*The British Poets*,' from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, beautifully printed, illustrated with portraits, engraved in the first style of the celaturic art, and of the most convenient size for 'handy' and pleasurable reading. The same publishers have another series of rare old English works, which must secure a wide sale, not alone from their internal and external excellence, but for the ease with which *any body* can compass their possession — for the volumes are 'ridiculously cheap.' In the package just sent us, we find that fine salutary and keenly-ironical series of papers, called '*The World*,' in three volumes — over portions of which we have guffawed until all the sanctum-echoes were awakened ; and that other most entertaining series of papers by HAWKESWORTH, called '*The Adventurer*,' also in three volumes. We shall have somewhat more to say (*Deo volente*) of these books hereafter. - - - 'L. P.' has his six pages of MS. for nothing. The whole is a spun-out version of the anecdote of the merchant from a small town in the far west, who, being in our city, purchasing goods, received from his new partner, (who, after he had left, had sold out his store, pocketed the proceeds, and ran away with his wife,) this brief dispatch : '*Things is workin' !*' - - - HERE are two 'bits' of '*Child Perception*' which we think are worth 'hooking : ' In the town of B — , in Maine, the pulpit of a clergyman who was ill, was 'supplied' by a neighboring minister. It happened to be 'Communion-Day ;' and the clergyman was, with BYRON, unfortunate in his 'understanding.' While he was administering the Sacrament, this fact was noticed by a bright-eyed little boy : and when arrived at home, he asked his mother : 'Was n't that

the DEVIL who preached to-day?' 'Why *no*, my child: what do you mean? He was Mr. —.' 'No, mother, it *was* the DEVIL, because I saw his *cloven foot*, two or three times, sticking out from under the table!' (So much, by the by, for individualizing *physically* the 'EVIL ONE' to the minds of children.) This same little boy's brother, a year and a half younger than himself, when his mother was endeavoring to explain, one Sunday evening, how all sinners 'must be born again,' suddenly interrupted her with: 'I don't *want* to be born again, mother,' said he. 'Why not, my boy?' asked the mother. 'Cause, I'm afraid I should be a *girl*, and I don't *want* to be a girl!' Another, yet similar 'Lesson to Parents.' - - - 'J. E. H.,' of Alabama, has our thanks. The lines '*To my Absent Children*,' we must admit are amusing enough: but *affection*, after all, is the theme, and ought not to be made sport of. - - - 'A. R. S.,' writing from Fort Desmoines, (where young people are 'gathered from all parts of the States,' and where, as we may well judge, there is 'a good deal of fun going on,') gives us an amusing account of two young men going home from a convivial party, late at night, who 'cut up' the subjoined 'shine,' which was witnessed by a friend who followed them, unobserved, and which we condense: They saw a doctor's horse standing, saddled and saddle-bag'd, before a patient's door. One said to the other, in a slightly paralyzed and 'unknown tongue,' '*Lesgiton!*' 'Good!-go-ahead! There's *two* horses: *Yongiton-fust!*' They both mounted *the same* beast, and rode off. An angry discussion arose: 'I got the best horse,' chuckled the forward rider. 'No, *Sir-r-r!*' said the other: 'you got a saddle—I have n't—ridin' bare-back'd. You just *wait*, and *see which'll come out fust*: *Go-o-o l-a-a-ng!*' It is not yet known 'which beat!' - - - UNDERNEATH NASMITH'S beautiful portrait of ROBERT BURNS in the sanctum—a present from a friend now thousands of miles away in the 'Golden Land,' whose genial lineaments and cordial friendship are recalled every time we look at it—there now hangs, in a small gilt frame, with a lustrous dark back-ground, a sprig, in perfect preservation, of '*The Bonny Blooming Heather*,' plucked near the 'childhood's home' of the esteemed donor, from amidst the purple-clad mountains of 'Old Scotia.' The association is complete: and after repeating some familiar strain of BURNS, our heart has warmed toward it as if it were *itself* a sensient thing. - - - SOME year or so ago, a Paris correspondent, if we remember rightly, of *The Daily Times*, recorded an amusing anecdote of an American minister at a diplomatic *soirée*. He did not understand a word of French, and in consequence was much embarrassed. He was somewhat relieved, however, upon being informed that Count B —, another minister present, spoke very good English:

'Our minister begged an introduction, and was presented, and in a moment was in conversation with the gentleman who spoke his mother and only tongue. The motive of the introduction not being understood by Count B —, the conversation commenced and terminated as follows:

'COUNT B.: '*Mais vous parlez Francais, Monsieur?*'

'MINISTER: '*On poo!*' (*Un peu — a little.*) '*Vous — parlez — English?*'

COUNT B.: '*A small!*'

This reminds us of our friend 'J. H. G.,' of this city, who while in Leipzig, had occasion to visit one of its large book-stores. He inquired if there

were any of the clerks who spoke English. He was answered in the affirmative, and shown back about a quarter of a mile through the immense establishment, to the desk of the 'English clerk': 'Do you speak English?' asked our friend. The answer was clear and to the point: 'Yaw — *a few!*' And 'a few' English was all that he *could* speak, and even that little with most ludicrous imperfectness. - - - HARK! Hark for a single moment to the sound of the merry sleigh-bells in the street beneath your window, and then read the subjoined lines, sent us from the beautiful 'Forest City' of Ohio, nearly a twelve-month since:

'HARK the sleigh-bells! how they jingle
With their joy-inspiring chime;
How their merry changes mingle
In the pleasant winter-time!
Ever chiming, changing, ringing,
Ever mirth and pleasure bringing.

'Gliding quickly by the rill-side,
Flying through the street or alley,
Climbing slowly up the hill-side,
Dashing swiftly through the valley:
Wildly shouting, laughing, singing,
And the forest echoes ringing.

'Snow-flakes thick and fast descending,
White enshrouding hill and dale,
Ever rushing, mixing, blending,
With the chilling winter-gale:
Covering every autumn flower
In its most secluded bower.

'And the merry sleigh-bells jingle
All the live-long winter's day;
Faces, flushed and glowing, tingle,
As we dash along the way
At a speed that's quite alarming —
Is n't such a sleigh-ride charming?
H. G. C.'

Yes it *is*: but here in town, when Broadway is full of sleighs, and 'cutters,' and 'pungs,' and *all* snow-vehicles, 'of high and low degree,' it is not pleasant to think how the elements which are friends of the 'competent' and the joyous, have become the enemies of the poor and needy, the 'sick and sore,' who in sunken cross-streets, within sound of the bells of flaunting, gay Broadway, bemoan their sad fate:

'THE bleak wind whistles: snow-showers far and near
Drift without echo to the whitening ground:
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
WINTER stalks on, with frozen mantle bound!'

Out of the depths of that winter, ye who pay twenty-five dollars for a double-sleigh to the High-Bridge, or elsewhere, and for contingent luxuries in proportion, *think of this* as you dash along the thoroughfares, or quaff your cup of good old wine, or smoke your 'prime Havanas.' (Don't do *too much*, either, of the two latter.) - - - THE subjoined, which reaches us from Chicago, (Ill.) is a forcible as well as amusing illustration of the difficulty with which a deaf-mute writes our mother-tongue:

'MY SWEET FRIEND: I write to you a few lines to let you know that we are well, (that is) I am in the P. O. to help my P. M.; and I often try to write very nice, and yet I am improving. I am proud for it. While my P. M. is at home I am writing to you, for it is snowing and raining very much; but I am obliged to go to the post-office every evening, for I must write and send these letters *from here to any where*. I am happy, for I have a new thick boots for rains and snows.

'A bad man went to a bad place-shop to buy some rum, and went to the cabinet-shop to get some shaving, and then he went to the *house* and made the fire to burn *it*; but I rode in the stage to the *dépôt*, and said to the stage-driver to stop, and jumped down and ran away to Mr. —, who is watch-man, and told him about it, and went and took him to the prison, and immediately many Irish men ran for him, and asked him that they wanted him to go away from the prison, but he would not let them to do so. A few men who is Paddy, broke the windows; but he said to me that there is 12 rooms in the prison enough; and he took them in each room. The large boys called me as a

baby. I put my thumb on my nose at them, and I boy kicked me, and the boys who approved of me let me to kick him. This is true, but a few is fun. I have nothing to tell you more.'

'Do you not remember,' asks our correspondent, 'the time when 'a new thick boots for rains and snows' made *you* also happy? The little fellow's allusion certainly brought back forcibly my own youthful raptures on the same account. How graphic, too, the writer's description of our friends, the Hibernians! The election is not so far passed by, but that here we have a vivid recollection of '*a few men who is Paddy*,' breaking windows, and heads too, in our Seventh Ward.' - - - READER, suppose you 'take your eye and throw it' over the following. It contains a world of good advice, in a very brief compass:

'Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, smooth forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan:
'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,
A hale old man:

'Seek not, in MAMMON'S worship, pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polished leisure:
The mind, not sense,
Make the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

'Avoid in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot:
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay:
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

'This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.'

If you do n't think of all this now, you will by and by, when you reach the viaduct which crosses beneath the River of Death, and is known as 'The Turn of Life;' when the human system and powers, having reached their utmost expansion, begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. - - - We laughed, not long ago, with a thousand other Americans, at the manner in which the *London Times* was hoaxed by 'MR. ARROWSMITH,' of Liverpool, in his story of the six duels fought from a Georgia rail-road train in a single trip. As '*The Times*' never retracts, this fabulous account will doubtless pass into history. This 'sell' recalls to mind a circumstance of a somewhat similar character, which was exposed one pleasant Sunday in our town-sanctum. A young and talented Englishman, who had recently arrived, called upon us on that day, with a letter of introduction from a friend in London. He was a handsome, pleasant, enthusiastic, gossiping person, who knew every prominent literary man and woman, and every distinguished actor and actress, in Great Britain, and gave numerous anecdotes of each and all of them. In short, he made himself extremely agreeable. After dinner, while we were all in the sanctum, he asked permission to read us a few of his 'first impressions,' as he came up the bay one glorious day, etc. He *did* so, describing the scene with a faithful and glowing pencil. At length he came to a passage something like the following: 'When we reached the lower end of this truly magnificent thoroughfare, Broadway,) the first thing which attracted our attention was a small oval park, called 'Bowling-Green,' in the centre of which was playing a large fountain, the falling water tumbling, with great splash and splatter, over a picturesque column of rough and ragged rocks. This fountain, which is called the '*Bowling-Green Horse-Fountain*,' is erected over the spot where

many years ago were buried, with appropriate ceremonies, *the remains of the horse which General Andrew Jackson rode at the Battle of New-Orleans!* We looked at Dame Knick — our *kind* of glance was returned. It was *too* much. It was impolite, we know: but we burst into a laugh — No matter: 'we recollect it yet!' 'Who in creation,' we asked of our wondering guest, 'could have given you *that* information?' 'A very polite and respectable-looking person,' he replied, 'who was leaning over the railing, of whom I asked a few questions, as I was pencilling some memoranda in my note-book. He walked up Broadway with me, and, told me many *other* things, connected with the city and its public edifices.' And the wag *did*, too, it would seem: among the rest, that the Astor-House was originally an *hospital*, and that many of its 'wards' were still in operation! We undeceived our new friend, and put him on his guard for the future. 'You are a queer people, d'ye kno,' said he, 'after all.' We admitted the fact, as quite undeniable! - - - Our old friend Captain FOLGER, late of the '*Old Seventy-Six House*,' at Tappaäntown, of which our readers have more than once heard, is now at the head of '*Folger's Knickerbocker Hotel*,' lately occupied by P. RIKER HERRING, near the village of Piermont, which is not only large and commodious, but is being decorated, ornamented, and *picture-fied* beyond example, for an hostel of its character. All the choice edible and potable wants of *man* he promises to supply, served up in the best manner; nor has he forgotten the *animals*: his 'stabling accommodations not being excelled by any in the county of Rockland.' Aside from paintings, engravings, wonderful and rare agricultural productions, etc., which garnish his capacious 'refreshment-room,' the place is a perfect Museum in itself. Among these you shall find such authentic objects of interest as the following: An *Old Trumpet*, exhumed at Bunker-Hill, while making excavations for the great monument, (presented by J. MacLEOD MURPHY, Esq., of Brooklyn Navy-Yard;) the old '*Washington Stone-Basin*,' often washed in by himself and his officers, at the old Head-Quarters in Tappaän town; an elaborately-carved *Powder-Horn*, captured at Stony-Point; articles picked up on the 'Massacre-Ground' at old Tappaän, which belonged to the old Continental Troopers: nails from ANDRÉ's coffin, and other objects of great revolutionary interest; Indian weapons, implements, and trappings; with many more things alike 'curious' and unmentionable at this present — the whole forming a unique collection. Captain FOLGER is a deservedly popular landlord, and '*The Knickerbocker Hotel*' will prove a commodious and well-kept house. - - - We do not know how it may strike others, but this slight incident, in a metropolitan criminal court, eight years ago, '*hit us*.' A poor woman, whose boy had been sentenced to a long term at the Penitentiary, for some not-well-proved offence, said: 'Won't YOUR HONOR give him a shorter term? He is a good boy to *me*, YOUR HONOR — he always was. I've just made him some nice new clothes, YOUR HONOR, which fit him beautiful;' (and she looked, as she said this, as only a MOTHER can look at her boy:) 'and if you give him a long time to stay in prison, the clothes won't *fit him* when he comes out — for he 's a growin' boy!' Poor MOTHER! — she had saved much (for her)

from scant earnings, to clothe her boy 'like the neighbors' children.' This was too much for her son. He melted — he wept — he repented — he was forgiven. *And he is now one of the most promising, enterprising, and honorable young merchants in our City.* Every word of this is true, and known to be so to very many persons. - - - Mr. L. A. GODEY, publisher of '*The Lady's Book*,' Philadelphia, writes us to say, that *he* is not to be 'counted in' among those in Philadelphia to whom the late EDGAR A. POE proved faithless, in his business and literary intercourse. His conduct toward Mr. GODEY was in all respects honorable and unblameworthy. The remark which elicits the note of Mr. GODEY was copied as a quotation into our pages from the '*North-American Review*,' in a recent notice of that venerable and excellent Quarterly. - - - STEALING newspapers is an evil which our country contemporaries are often called upon to inveigh against, with 'all the energies of their nature.' But who ever heard, until now, of *such* a newspaper thief as is mentioned in the paragraph below? — a paragraph which we clipped from a far-western journal, the name of which we have not preserved, we are sorry to say:

'An esteemed lady friend of ours, sent us word the other week that she did not get her paper. This intelligence was as strange to us as to our carrier. The paper was certainly thrown over her back-fence at seven minutes after seven, every morning of the year. Where did it go to? Determined to find out, we placed a sentry, flat on his *epigastrium*, with a SHARP's rifle and orders to bore a hole through any body who might invade the sanctity of a private back-yard to steal a newspaper. Must it, *can* it be believed! A bull-calf was found to come up regularly, and make a morning's meal out of it! The lady ordered the animal to be lassoed and brought before her; when he manifested so much sagacity by wagging his tail and giving other evidences of intelligence, that she bade JOHN to take him down into the country.'

'Prick me that bull-calf till he roars!' would have been *our* order for the punishment of that culprit. - - - WE understand that the Express Agents, in numerous localities, where choice butter, poultry, game, and country produce are abundant, are coöperating with our enterprising fellow-citizen, A. L. STIMSON, Esq., in supplying several hundred families and hotels in this city, this winter, with the above-named edibles, at the smallest possible advance upon the country prices. This is the commencement of an important reform, designed to abolish several superfluous grades of 'middle-men;' and our citizens ought to accord it their support promptly. In doing so, they will not only aid it, but serve themselves. Mr. STIMSON, at Number 3 Broadway, is already in daily receipt of excellent supplies of butter, poultry, venison, game, etc. - - - FROM 'J. H. W.,' receiver at the Crystal Palace, we derive the following, 'in the hand-writing of the author:'

Goodlettsvell Davidson City Tenn

TO THE CRISTAL PALAS NEW YORK, N. Y. — I have under stood that you have all the fine arts of the world and what i want is to no the forse and power of the best pump and beles for Blowing and melting iron and raising water to any high i hav One in Constrution that super seedes any thing i ever saue in my life. i doant want to go no farther with it un till i find ought wether thear is sum of the same plan in Operration My pump acts with only one wheel for water or wind I wold like for you to send me the Best models you have in the palas, and if i shold Get a patent you shall bee remembered ancer as soon as you can i have no dught but it will bee a benafet to the world i will give you a better history the next time.
C. C. McC — .

'Nov. 1st, 1856.'

If 'CHRISTAL PALAS,' Esq., were to send to Mr. MCC — Dr. NEHEMIAH DODGE's improved pump, now come into such general use in ships, large factories, and other similar establishments, he would break his machine that 'acts with only one wheel,' and give up farther pump-improvements, for the present at least, in despair. - - - THERE is something very touching, to our conception, in the '*Report of Rev. James Selkirk, Missionary to the Ottawas, at Griswold:*' 'a mission-station, so named by the BISHOP after that venerable soldier of CHRIST and leader of the hosts of the LORD, so well known and revered by the CHURCH, whose memory will brighten as time rolls on to the perfect day.' We annex a single passage. It should be premised that the writer is 'broken down with age and infirmity,' and that he has spent the best portion of his years in labors among the Indians:

'THE sun of the red man's glory has sunk behind the mountains of the west. There is but a remnant left, but that remnant are seeking to be guided to the hill of Zion by the LORD God of Sabaoth.

'The band over which I was sent, have listened to the trumpet call of the Gospel; have put on their armor, and done battle on the field against sin, the world, and the devil, and all but one have come off conquerors through HIM that has loved them. The old bald-headed chief who met you and received the sacrament of baptism at your hands, fell by his enemy, and had a bloody death. The tall chief, his successor, died with victory on his lips; and his son, once a wild savage, bowed to the cross, and is an example of piety to his people. About twelve desire confirmation. They have been united in marriage according to the rites of the Church.


'Last February my interpreter perished in the snow, on a severe night, with his gun by his side, and open knife in his hand, trying to kindle a fire after a fatiguing day's hunt, and having returned almost to his camp, telling his companion to go on while he rested a little, and he would be in soon after; but not returning, his little daughter encountered the snow and the frost, and early in the morning found her father leaning against a stub, in his long, last sleep. He had been with us from the first. Our camp looked lonely; the pines around us seemed to sing his solemn dirge, and the tears dropped fast from the mourners' eyes, as they surrounded his corpse; for through him they had received those welcome notes that led them to see that they had offended the GREAT SPIRIT, and that He had cancelled their broken obligations by the purple current which streamed from the side of His dying Son, while nailed to His cross. They are numbered among the faithful. I have given myself to their service in weal and in woe: but the battle of life with me is near its close; still I have deposited my trust where the hosts of Hell cannot break a bolt nor pick a lock. Our CAPTAIN has a 'safe' in the white stone, and a new name which no one knoweth but him who receiveth it.'

Of such were the early laborers in the LORD's vineyard; amidst privation and suffering, willing to 'spend and be spent,' if peradventure they might be made the means of bringing lost sheep into the fold. Of such, too, we may add, were SAINT PAUL and his fellow-apostles. - - - THE capable and appreciative literary critic of the '*New-York Daily Times*,' in a deservedly commendatory notice of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company's *Series of the British Poets and Essayists*, (a superb collection, which every man, even of moderate means, may and *should* have in his library,) speaking of THOMAS HOOD, says: 'His poetical reputation was a flower that grew upon his grave. It is sad to reflect how unconscious the world was of the fine vein of poetry within the man. Sweeter cadences of the harmonious bells of feeling never vibrated in the human breast. He is known among the dearest of the immortals now.' All true: and yet it seems he was 'despised by THEODORE HOOK.' Was he? Well, he could *afford* to be despised by that professional joker, whose whole life was one great Trifle. The '*Dream of EUGENE ARAM*,' '*The Bridge of Sighs*,' and the '*Song of the Shirt*,' will live

for centuries after Hook's long, prosy romances and premeditated puns are buried in the dust of oblivion. - - - A PARTY of aerial adventurers who accompanied Mons. GODDARD in a recent balloon-ascension at Philadelphia, speak of the clearness of sound of 'all things earthly' that pervades the upper air, even at the height of ten thousand feet—the baying of a watch-dog, the cackling of hens, etc., being distinctly heard at that elevation. As we read the description of this aerial voyage, we thought of a passage in a sermon which we once heard from the eloquent lips of the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, at the 'Church of the MESSIAH,' in Broadway. He was speaking, if we remember rightly, of the influence of supplication, of prayer, to the great SOURCE of all Good: and illustratively in effect said: 'It has been assumed by certain philosophers, that no voice which rises from the earth is lost in the illimitable air. Even the inarticulate moanings of dumb beasts, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers, are not drowned in the great deep of the sky.' The *thought* of Dr. DEWEY, we well remember, was 'something like to this: ' but the reverend speaker's *language*, we must add, only himself could supply. - - - THE celebrated business epitaph, upon a tomb-stone erected by a widow in the Père La Chaise at Paris, is quite out-done by the following 'Obituary' from a late English provincial journal:

'DIED, on the eleventh instant, at his shop, Number 20 Greenwich-street, Mr. EDWARD JONES, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable; as a hatter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock, to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable rate than any house in town. His disconsolate family will carry on business with punctuality.'

There! — if that is not 'killing two birds with one stone,' we should like to know how that operation *is* performed. - - - Our 'new Rochester correspondent, LUKE,' was in good business when he sent us for our November number an old joke, formerly published and illustrated in PUNCH, as having occurred with his own little boy. 'Small potatoes,' Mr. LUKE — *very* small. So 'JOHN PHOENIX' thinks, and so think 'We!' - - - A BEAUTIFUL figure is the annexed, from an old worthy of the English Church: 'A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comfort; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my FATHER's house, and my heritage.' - - - WE visited *Burton's New Theatre*, the other evening, for the first time. We never should have known the edifice, so changed is it from the old 'METROPOLITAN.' The proscenium and private-boxes are 'beautiful exceedingly.' The house was crowded to repletion, and yet all were comfortably seated, with 'ample room and verge enough' for *all* their limbs. Mr. and Mrs. DAVENPORT were the bright-shining 'stars' of the evening, including BURTON, who is a large planet. The performances were every way admirable. - - - Our medical readers will

smile, we think, at the following, from a weekly newspaper of Elmira, in this State. A young lady had tried to poison herself with strychnine: 'It was thought,' says the editor, 'that she was dead at first, but a *Stethoscope* was applied to her stomach, and the poison disgorged!' - - - WHO's re-vamping the story touching Lager Beer's being not only *tonic*, but *Teu- tonic*? That was CHARLEY E —'s joke, the distinguished artist. We were his interlocutor, and scratched it off from his lips for the KNICKER-BOCKER, in which it first appeared. - - - At the time we write, we have not been made aware where *Mr. E. D. Palmer's Statuary Gallery*, brought hither by the urgent request of a committee numbering among them some of the first citizens of the metropolis, is to be placed. The daily journals, however, will tell.  Go and see the works of a sculptor who we believe has no living equal. - - - THE next in the splendid series of prints which '*The Albion*' weekly journal has been wont to present every year to its readers, will be a '*Portrait of Florence Nightingale*;' that noble and beautiful woman who ministered to the wants and sufferings of Albion's sons on the Crimean battle-fields. WANDER- FORDE, the distinguished artist, has executed it expressly for *The 'Albion*,' and it is to be engraved in the very best manner, by Mr. WELLSTOOD of this city. Nothing could be in better taste. - - - SOME body who has read the fine lines, '*Dying by Inches*,' in our November number, (page 559,) has bethought him of the following capital anecdote, as somewhat 'in a concatenation accordingly: 'A wag residing in Boston, who had been for many years a patient of Dr. INCHES, of that place, was at length advised to consult Dr. PHYSIC, of Philadelphia. After remaining a short time under the care of the latter, he returned home greatly improved in health; and being asked which of the two methods of treatment he preferred, replied, that he 'would rather live by PHYSIC than die by INCHES.' - - - We have received, through a friend, four different kinds of *Basswood Paper*, from an extensive establishment for its manufacture at Little Falls, Herkimer county, in this State. This is a great, a wonderful invention; and is destined to have a powerful effect upon the paper-trade of this country. The fibre is fine; it takes printing-ink clearly and beautifully; is written upon easily, without spreading; and, save only in respect of color, is equal to any other paper. The white paper has a yellowish tinge; yet every improvement of the inventor hitherto has tended more and more to obviate this defect, which it is believed will soon be entirely overcome. Good-bye, RAGS; farewell, *chiffoniers*! 'Your services are no longer needed in this department!' Think of the abundant new material for paper in the thousand vast forests of America! Nor, it seems, is it bass-wood alone that can be employed. All soft woods are good. - - - TOUCHING those '*Plant and Root Pills*,' of which we hear from Jackson, Michigan: the 'inextinguishable laughter,' arising from a smuggled puff of a quack-nostrum, is n't our kind of cachinnation. 'Take the idea,' Mr. 'INITIUM?' - - - THANKS to '*A. of Deposit*' for kind words and courtesies. If we are alive and well, when the season arrives, we *must* join our friend 'REX' of the Ford,' and visit that very plentiful trout-region. - - - A CORRESPONDENT in Salem, (Mass.,) who has heretofore written, and written well, for these pages, re-

marks incidentally as follows, in a recent note to the EDITOR: 'I have but a trifling portion of this world's goods, and my occupation is of so humble a nature that even the best specimens of my workmanship are invariably trampled under foot. In short, I am a follower of St. CRISPIN, and shoe-making is not a promising business, by any means. It raises houses, but it dwarfs men; it enriches the employer, but it deprives the workman of health, which is his only capital.' Of *such* mechanics, let our friend remember, have been some of our most distinguished public men. - - - Don't overlook the Advertisement of '*The Illustrated Knickerbocker Gallery*,' in our advertising-sheet, 'for *our* sake.'

Books Perused and awaiting Notice.

We have received and read the following works, and 'until farther notice,' can only cordially commend them to public favor, for various yet distinctive merits:

McHARG's 'Life of TALLEYRAND,' SCRIBNER: 'ALGER's Oriental Poetry,' WHITTEMORE, NILES AND HALL, Boston: BAYARD TAYLOR's 'Cyclopædia of Modern Travel,' APPLETONS': 'Whaling and Fishing,' MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS AND COMPANY, Cincinnati: 'BOKER's Plays and Poems,' Philadelphia: 'American Poulterers' Companion,' (a new Edition, profusely illustrated,) ABBOTT's 'Confidential Letters of NAPOLEON and JOSEPHINE,' and BONNER's 'Child's History of Rome,' HARPERS: CHANNING's 'Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory,' TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston: 'KEY's Poems,' ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS: 'The Torch-Light through the Wood,' DERBY AND JACKSON: MRS. FARNHAM's 'California, In-doors and Out,' DIX, EDWARDS AND COMPANY: 'WARE's JULIAN, or Scenes in Judea,' 'ALLEN's Wunnissoo, or the Vale of the Hoosatunnuk,' JEWETT AND COMPANY, Boston: 'AUDOBON, the Naturalist of the New World,' (with two excellent Works for Children,) C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY: and 'The Two Lights,' LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY, Philadelphia.

The annexed new works have appeared, and *most* of them have been received by the EDITOR:

STEWART's 'Brazil and La Plata,' and IRVING's 'Illustrated Life of WASHINGTON,' PUTNAM: GOODRICH's 'Recollections of a Life-Time,' MILLER, ORTON AND MULLIGAN: 'The Hills of the Shattemuck,' APPLETONS': 'PORTER's Chemistry,' BARNES AND COMPANY: 'Story of COLUMBUS,' SCRIBNER: CARKER's 'Hand Books of Iowa and Minnesota,' JEWETT AND COMPANY, Boston: MRS. ELLEN KEY BLUNT's 'Bread to my Children,' and DORN's Travels in the East,' LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY: WHITMAN's 'Leaves of Grass,' 'Virginia Agricultural Report,' 'Never Mind the Face,' and 'The Great Elm,' (children's books,) HARPERS: 'WIDDIFIELD's New Cook-Book,' T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia: EMILY TAYLOR's 'Tales from Saxon History,' FRANCIS AND COMPANY: Etc., etc.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL. — The second number of this new quarterly, profusely and elegantly illustrated, has been out some time. It contains a great variety of interesting matter on art, and the list of works (between three and four hundred) to be distributed among the subscribers in January next. We have not space to notice this Journal as it deserves, but we cannot pass, without commendation, the beautiful engraving of SATURDAY NIGHT, a print which is cheap at three dollars, and which will be an ornament in any dwelling. We paid WILLIAMS AND STEVENS four dollars for the same work not a year ago. We again commend the Association to our readers, and refer them to the advertisement at the end of this number.

Certificates of membership for the KNICKERBOCKER, and all the other Magazines, can be obtained of S. HUESTON, 348 BROADWAY, agent for New-York City.



*Yours truly
Charles G. Leland.*

Author of "Meister Karl's Sketch Book," "Mace Soper," &c.